THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CII.—No. 1320

APRIL 3, 1929

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The Bystander, April 3, 1929

No. 1320. Vol. CII.

The BYSTANDER

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Colour Photograph* *Raphael*

Miss Eva Drury and her partner, Mr. Raymond Drury, who have been dancing at Ciro's and the Piccadilly Hotel after a successful tour on the Continent. Her father, Mr. W. E. Drury, is the well-known gentleman rider and trainer

This is the box of Rowntree's YORK Chocolates that Gerald gave Joyce last night

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons, ½-lb. 2/-, ¼-lb. 1/-.

THE OTHER SIDE OF CABARETS

A Revelation from Berlin

By Hannen Swaffer

Decorations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

AN American I know had been out for the night in Berlin, showing an Irishman around the sights, keeping him out of trouble, every now and then emptying his drink away.

They got back to their hotel. Outside, when the bell was rung, the Irishman reeled round.

"Shay, will you do me a favour?" he asked.

"Yes," said the American, "on one condition. That is, that you do not ask me to buy you another drink."

"I don't want that," replied the Irishman. "I merely want you to tell me who the hell won the War. . . ."

THEY had been round the cabarets, round the night restaurants, round the dance bars. Berlin's lid had come off, as it does every night, especially on Saturdays, when, it would seem, the lid falls off.

Everywhere they went the lights were full on. Everywhere the tango was being danced, syncopation committed sin upon the floor, and the popping of champagne corks almost kept time with the band.

London was dead. Paris, at night, was an American city. Berlin was gayer than before the War.

"Where on earth does the money come from?" foreign visitors ask.

Don't ask me. I see poverty among the people who had money before the Great War came. Yet, in the capital, at night time—well, London was never so prodigal with her gaiety.

I WENT one night into a late-night cabaret I knew years ago—a place crowded with people compelled to buy champagne, whatever they ordered besides. Upstairs, in the bar, it was just like the old Empire Promenade, or the Leicester Lounge, except that the women were all hatless, and all in even-

ing dress. Near them sat respectable men and women, some in family groups.

Vice and virtue could have whispered together, so near were they. The continent and the incontinent were apart, and yet as one.

"LOOK at that girl," said an American friend, making me lean over a balcony. On the dancing floor, with a jazz band playing behind her, with people in boxes all around, and with others sitting at tables only a few feet from her nakedness, stood a girl, singing some silly American dance and undressed, just like Josephine Baker, ostrich feathers behind, only a few inches of spangled cloth around her loins, and the smallest of breast plates. Then she danced . . .

"YOU Americans do invent strong ideas of amusement," I answered, turning away in disgust.

"Fancy one of our girls in a place like this!" he said.

They brought us more compulsory champagne when we sat downstairs—I was drinking lemon squash—and then, as the public began to dance a one-step, covering the tiny floor, I saw a girl smiling at me as she went around on a man's arm.

I smiled back, and beckoned to her to join me when the dance was done.

To my surprise she called me by my name.

"How are you, Mr. Swaffer?" she said. "The manager told me to speak to you, and I said I knew you. How is ——?"

She asked after a London manager and then a London producer, and then a London agent and his wife, and then asked if Gladys Cruickshanks had succeeded in *Merry Merry*!

She knew her, it seemed.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Didn't you see my dance?" she demanded.

"Surely you were not that naked one!" I said.

"Yes, I was," she replied.

"Good God!" was all I could say.

"How terrible!" said my American friend, full of the home town stuff.

WELL, she was in the chorus of *The Girl from Cook's*, it seemed, and I had met her with Joe Sacks. She had spoken to me in the stalls of a theatre. She remarked how afraid the company were, when, during a rehearsal of *The Blue Kitten*, I suddenly walked in. She had understudied a dancer whom you all know by name. Work had become short in England, and so she had come abroad.

"YOU wouldn't be allowed to do that dance in England," I said. "It would be stopped the first night."

"They like that sort of thing here," she explained. "They are kind enough in Berlin. I get thirty shillings a night for four shows, two every evening here and two at another cabaret round the corner."

For her ten guineas a week she had to sit at one of the tables, too, and have champagne if any of the men asked her. She could not leave after her last turn, but she must stay till three in the morning. Yes, her cough was bad, but she hoped that would get better soon.

I ASKED her if she knew the risk she was running. I was horrified that a nice, decent girl should be dancing at all in such a place. Perhaps we English have strange ideas. We may be old-fashioned . . .

"Lose your money in a strange city and where are you?" I said. "Every other man you drink with thinks you are his prey."

She gave a brave little smile.

"I always keep fifty pounds with me," she replied. "I know how to take care of myself. You needn't do things if you make up your mind."

A waiter hovered around with the wine list. . . .

HER former partner, a German girl, had gone off with a man. Still, she was always hot stuff . . . Yes, she herself had been asked things, but she knew how to smile temptation away. I wondered how many of us men could, just with a bright, cheerful courage, face life like that . . .

Some have to, though. Two gigolos danced near—one a very good-looking youth, the other a German baron who lost all his money when inflation came. They got eight shillings a night, and women gave them three shillings for each dance they bought. One looked at me strangely. He thought I was looking at his soul, piercing his mask. Then he smiled. I suppose he knew I understood. . . .

YES, Berlin is good to these girls. There are all sorts of young English women who, when work is short, seek it on the Continent. The Jackson troupe and the Tiller Girls are regularly employed, of course, and they have a chaperon. Besides, they stick to the stage. They do not have to use their charms to entice men to drink.

Czecho-Slovakia is worse.

"The Czechs are like animals," said my dancer friend. "They do not like the English. The Germans do not like the Americans. They only want their money. But if you are English they respect you."

At Mahris-Ostrau, the Czecho-Slovakian frontier town, a police official held up my little friend for hours. Her passport was not in order, he persisted, lying. She cried.

"I have to dance in three hours. I shall break my contract."

"Why do you English come here and take away our money?"

"I have to live," pleaded the dancing girl. "Please let me go through. My visa is in order."

She was put in prison.

Another policeman, pitying her, telephoned to the manager of the cabaret, miles away, and got a higher police official to insist that she be allowed to enter the country.

"It is all in the day's work," commented the girl, telling the story. . . .

She whispered, too, of the private rooms in some of the cabarets in which she worked. . . .

THEN, in Vienna, where she was hired to teach some Austrian chorus girls, the theatre went bankrupt and so she was not paid. An Englishman who had engaged her did not meet her claim.

"Josephine Baker got her money because she insisted on being paid before she went on," I was told. Sixteen girls were owed five weeks' money.

Still, even that memory was all in a lifetime.

"Do you know?" was her comment on Vienna, "the chorus girls always rehearse with their gloves on. 'Take off your gaiters and gloves,' I said, when I wanted to teach them some steps. 'We couldn't do that,' they replied, 'It wouldn't seem proper.'"

AND then she was going to Egypt for another cabaret show.

"For heaven's sake get your money first," I urged.

I told her of a girl who had written me from Cairo of how she had not been paid, and how it was all a plot to make her "amenable to reason."

"That is how the white slave traffic is kept going," I said.

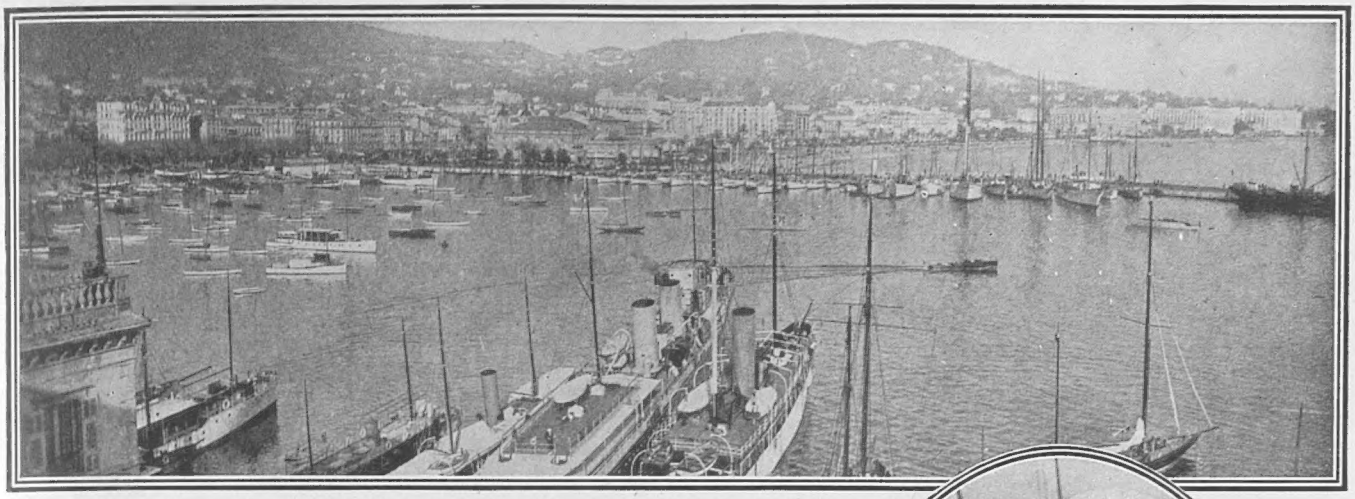
While we spoke a fat agent sat in a corner. He had come to see the turn. He had been appraising the value of the dancer's nude body, as a draw, a body so near to a life of shame and yet so far away, kept decent just by a girl's own decency.

YET I wonder. . . .

I do not like to think that anyone I know is living that life. Prague, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Cairo—the weary round of other people's fun. Late nights, smoke, jazz, champagne—men who whisper things. . . .

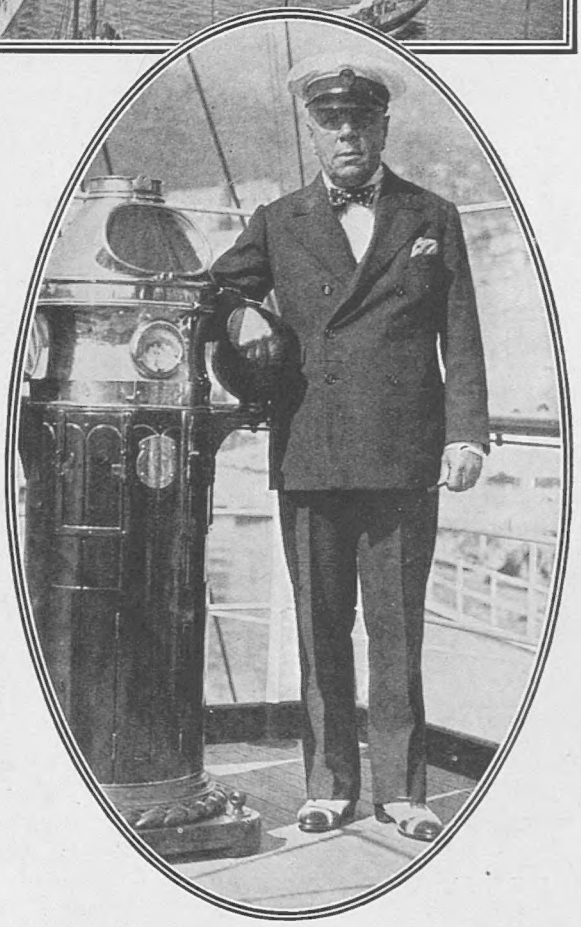
The stage is a strange place. Sometimes I hate it. It lives on other people's lives.

H. S.



A panoramic view of the beautiful harbour at Cannes. The Franco-British Fête drew thousands of visitors to the town, and the harbour was packed with yachts of all nationalities

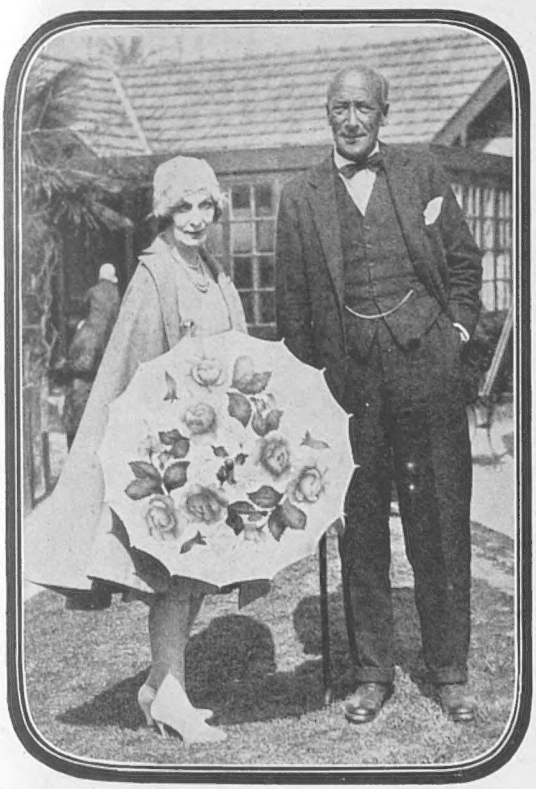
who when & where



Sir Frederick Preston on the bridge of his yacht, riding in the harbour at Monaco. This was said to be the largest yacht to put into any Riviera port

Riviera Revelries

NOT often is the Riviera fortunate enough to include Easter in its official winter season, but as a consequence what is usually the *fin du saison* has been stirred into unusually crowded gaiety. The Anglo-French celebrations at Cannes, as elsewhere along the coast, to commemorate the Entente's twenty-fifth year, drew large numbers into the town, and at the time of writing rumour says that the Duke of York as well as the Duke of Connaught will attend them, but after his recent trip to Oslo he must have had sufficient of train journeys for awhile. Lady Boot, the wife of Sir Jesse Boot, henceforward to be known as Lord and Lady Trent, entertained a large house party for the event at her villa overlooking Cannes, and the surrounding garden was beautifully decorated and illuminated under the direction of the artist, Mr. Tom Van Oss. I hear, by the way, that all the big hotels at Cannes are remaining open this summer, which points a finger to the fact that the Riviera has now become an all-the-year-round resort. It should be duly grateful.



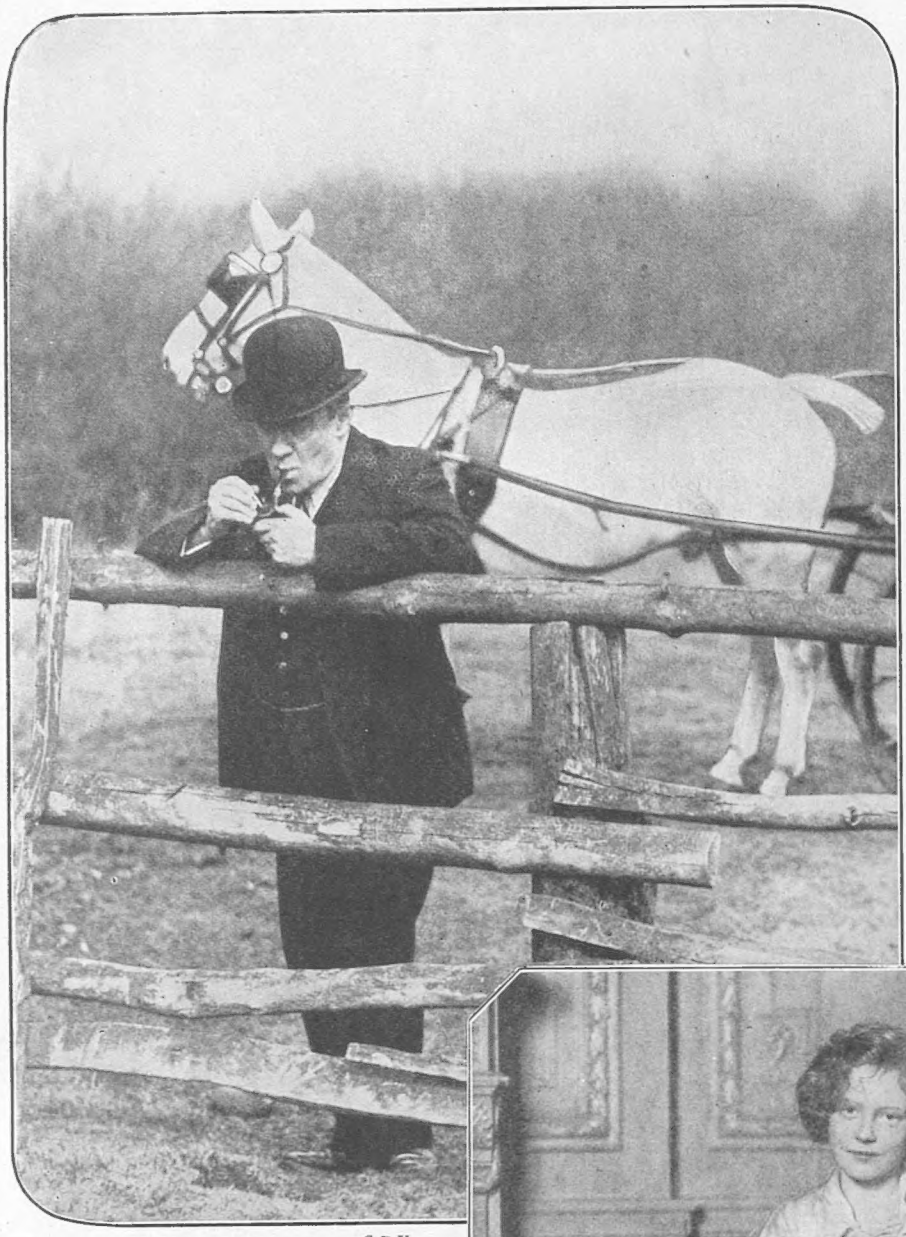
Photographs *Sport and General*

Mr. Algernon Blackwood, the author, with Lady Lavery. They are seen at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club

Spell of the Social Round

THE retirement of Prince George from the Navy on physicians' advice has not, I imagine, caused him the regret that it did to his father, King George, when, on the death of the Duke of Clarence, he became heir-apparent and was consequently severed from further life on the sea. Whatever pleasures a naval life holds, and however much this is added to by any particular privileges, life on board ship is hardly as amusing as life in London. Prince George has innumerable friends in Town, is extremely popular, and the social round amuses him as much as any other young man of his age.

PRINCE GEORGE AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE



G.P.U.

UNPERTURBED BY THOSE BY-ELECTIONS!

A pastoral study of the Premier, who followed the meet of the Quorn at Baggrave Hall, near Leicester, in a buggy drawn by a white horse. His programme for the Conservative Party will not be announced until three weeks before the General Election

Prince George's Colleagues

THERE is much that one might envy in Prince George's new appointment at the Foreign Office. Who would not choose to be surrounded by such brilliant colleagues as Mr. R. H. Campbell, C.M.G., who is in charge of the Western Department where the Prince is working at the F.O. Mr. Gerald Hyde Villiers, C.M.G., who is a cousin of the Earl of Clarendon, and Mr. Allan Leeper, a former assistant private secretary to Lord Curzon? With these shrewd observers of contemporary foreign politics and diplomacy the Prince will be initiated into the privacy of our policy and relations towards France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Morocco, and the New Hebrides in the Pacific Ocean. Who knows but in a few years he may show sufficient adaptability and talent for the diplomatic service to find it sufficiently agreeable to be appointed to one of our Embassies abroad, or to assume the greater responsibilities of a Governorship.

A Notable Minister

THE portrait of Col. Walter Guinness, Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries, is in accordance with the policy of THE BYSTANDER to publish artistic studio portraits of leading public men in order that our readers shall obtain a clear idea of their personality, often so hopelessly vitiated by snapshot photographs and caricatures. By the discriminating he is regarded as the future leader of the Conservative Party. He has everything in his favour—youth, as politicians go, being not yet fifty, great wealth and position, determination, patience, a strong sense of humour, and withal a brilliant platform speaker and debater. A few years ago, when Financial Secretary to the Treasury, he was supporting the resettlement of ex-Service men in the Civil Service (who are not resettled yet!), and made the Socialists who interrupted him look supremely ridiculous.

Hope for Farmers

AS Minister for Agriculture he has been criticised by the farming industry, but it is possible that when Mr. Baldwin announces his Election Policy to the Bewdley electors there will be something in the locker for farmers, who will certainly never get any help worth while from Mr.

LADY EVELYN GUINNESS

One of the leading political hostesses of the day, she is the wife of the Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, and the daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Buchan. She is seen above with her little daughter Grania, who is nine years old

PRESENT DAY CELEBRITIES at HOME

BYSTANDER *Copyrigh.* *Special portrait by Howard Coster*

COLONEL THE RT. HON. WALTER GUINNESS, D.S.O., M.P.

Colonel Walter Guinness made a big success as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and in 1925 was made Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. His policy has been attacked by a section of the farming industries. He is a fine speaker, a strong Imperialist, and, according to some prophets, the leadership of the Unionists is likely to devolve upon him one day

PERSONALITIES IN THE PADDOCK

Central Press

Lady Victor Warrender and Mr. Harry Brown seen in the paddock

Topical

Lady Eleanor Smith, who is joining "The Bystander" staff as our Film critic, with Miss A. Campbell, Miss Bridges and the Hon. Anthony Herbert

Three American visitors armed experienced in early spring

Symmg

Pacific and Atlantic

Prince George with a party of friends

Lloyd George or the Labour Party. Col. Guinness is a very keen supporter of Safeguarding. What his opinion is of Lord Rothermere's latest peace idea, to patch up a coalition between the Tories and Liberals to keep out the Socialists, which, by attacking the Government, *The Daily Mail* are always assisting until that remarkable organ gets panicky, is not a question I have been able to put to him. But his views will doubtless be quite unequivocal—for he is that sort of man. Col. Guinness has recently started a racing stable, Jarvis training for him, and we shall doubtless see his colours on the Turf shortly. He is a man to watch in many ways—a "stout fellah."

In Questionable Taste

THE organisers of charity dances ought really to use greater circumspection in choosing the artists that are to form their cabaret when Royalty is to be present, or, rather, the items those artists introduce into their programme. At a recent charity ball the evening's entertainment—without which no dance seems to be able to exist nowadays—was introduced by an obese but amiable young man who has gained a justifiable reputation for singing naughty songs in a nice way. Inside a popular and public restaurant the succession of innumerable innuendoes of which his songs are composed sound—to some ears—extremely funny; at a charity dance at which the Prince of Wales is present they unhappily become utterly unfunny and not in the best of taste. At the dance in question anxious glances and scant applause indicated a general feeling of embarrassment on his behalf. The Prince's face wore an expression of severe immobility. It reminded me of Queen Victoria's oft-quoted reprimand: "We are not amused."

And Still they Come

SOCIALISM in our time, in so far as everyone nowadays seems to be working for a living, has already come to pass. Men and women of previous idleness are now plunging into either a profession or a trade, for the days when business was something of a social handicap are long since past. As, I think, Lord Castlerosse,

SOCIETY FORGATHERS AT AINTREE

Trials of the British weather as Miss Peggy Stewart, Mrs. Tom Grace Miller

Mrs. Walter Rubens and the Duke of Marlborough photographed in the paddock

Photographs Wide World

The Duke of Westminster and Lady Harington

himself a recruit from comparative leisure into the exhausting activities of social journalism, has put it, we are creating a commercial aristocracy of the twentieth century. The latest addition to the dress-makers' businesses is Lady Peacock, the wife of Sir Walter Peacock, the Secretary and Keeper of Records of the Duchy of Cornwall. At the Chateau de Madrid she gave a midnight mannequin parade of her frocks, for which not only she is responsible but also Mrs. Cecil Hanbury, the wife of the Unionist M.P., as well as the elder daughter of Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, the Editor of *The Daily Express*. I saw Prince George of Russia among spectators of the frocks, as well as Colonel and Mrs. McGrath (Mrs. Rosita Forbes), Viscountess de Sibour, and Sir Montague Barlow. Lady Peacock and Mrs. Hanbury have evolved a clever trade name for their shop—Irédo, built up from Irene, which is Lady Peacock's Christian name, and "Dodo," which is Mrs. Hanbury's.

Holiday Folk

THE pre-Easter political receptions at Downing Street and Admiralty House have come to an end; for ever, indeed, so far as the First Lord of the Admiralty and Dame Caroline Bridgeman are concerned, for the First Lord's imminent retirement will deprive them of further entertaining in Whitehall. At Dame Caroline's last reception conversation seemed mostly confined to the excitement of the holidays, and many who were there are still away in the country or abroad. Violet Duchess of Rutland is in Wales, as are her son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Anglesey, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville is in Morocco, and Miss Thelma Cazalet, a member of the L.C.C., with ambitions to follow her brother, Mr. Victor Cazalet, on to the Conservative side of the House, spent Easter as the guest of the High Commissioner of Jerusalem, Sir John Chancellor.

The Hon. Evan Morgan, who attended both of these final receptions, is making a plucky but possibly vain attempt to turn a Socialist majority in the East End to his and the Conservatives' advantage, went into retreat over Easter. He takes his political work with becoming seriousness, and is not the sort of man to go in for it just

Sir Robert and Lady Buchanan Jardine

ART AND THE GENERAL ELECTION

DIGGING OUT REYNARD

A scene during a run of the Albrighton Foxhounds when the fox took refuge in a drain. The meet was held at Frankley Church, near Birmingham

for the "fun of the thing." In fact, he made this temporary escape from his public obligations by going into a monastery near Tonbridge, and it must have been a holiday after Mr. Morgan's heart, for not so long ago he announced that he was to become a Roman Catholic priest. Since then, however, the interests of the Conservative cause have occupied much of his time.

Election Art

THE full-page portrait of Mr. Pemberton Billing, by George Whitelaw, which appears in this number, marks a new stage in election propaganda, for it is a fresh—and refreshing—thing to find candidates sitting to well-known artists in order to get out a poster. George Whitelaw's work is well known to BYSTANDER readers, who, in the last few months, have seen three double-page pictures in full colour from his brush. These were "Hot Dogs at a Cocktail Party at Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson's," "In the Cocktail Bar at Ciro's Grill," and "Supper Time at the Café Anglais," in all of which the artist proved himself to be a master of clever portraiture. Artist's proofs of all the above may be obtained on application to the Publisher, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, at 10s. 6d. unsigned and £1 1s. signed. In the near future we shall be publishing another of this artist's impressions, showing the scene at a night at the National Sporting Club, in which there will be no difficulty in recognising many celebrities in the world of sport.

A Correction

IN a recent issue it was stated that the Hon. Evan Morgan's name was included in the list of members of Sligg's Club in St. James's Street. We are informed that this is inaccurate, and that he is unaware of the existence of the club. We regret the inaccuracy, and tender to the Hon. Evan Morgan our apologies.

Photographs *LAWN TENNIS IN RIVIERA SUNSHINE* *Sport and General*

The Spanish Champion, Señorita de Alvarez, with whom is Mr. A. Wodehouse, Lord Wodehouse's cousin, autographing a visitor's album. The photograph was taken at the Cannes Club's Tournament, in which she competed, as did Mlle. L. Anet, seen in the top photograph. She is the daughter of the well-known French author, Claude Anet

YOUNG PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

Bassano

LADY DIANA WORTHINGTON

One of the latest titled women to go into business, is to be in charge of "the only dress shop in St. James's Street." She is the sister of the Earl of Feversham

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Lord Inverclyde and June photographed leaving the church after their wedding, which was officially described as "quiet." It took place at St. Columba's, Pont Street

MISS AUDREY KIDSTON Lafayette

The youngest daughter of the late Capt. Glen Kidston and Lady Windham. Her marriage to Mr. Anthony Belville will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, next Wednesday, April 10

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. A. A. H. Marlowe and Miss Patricia Hastings leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding. The bride is the daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Lady Hastings

Well-known RACE MEETINGS and Some of Those Present

THE end of last month saw the start of the flat racing with the Lincoln Meeting, at which the Lincoln Handicap was won by a 100 to 1 outsider. The "Sticks" are not yet a thing of the past, however, and many notable meetings took place recently in different parts of the country

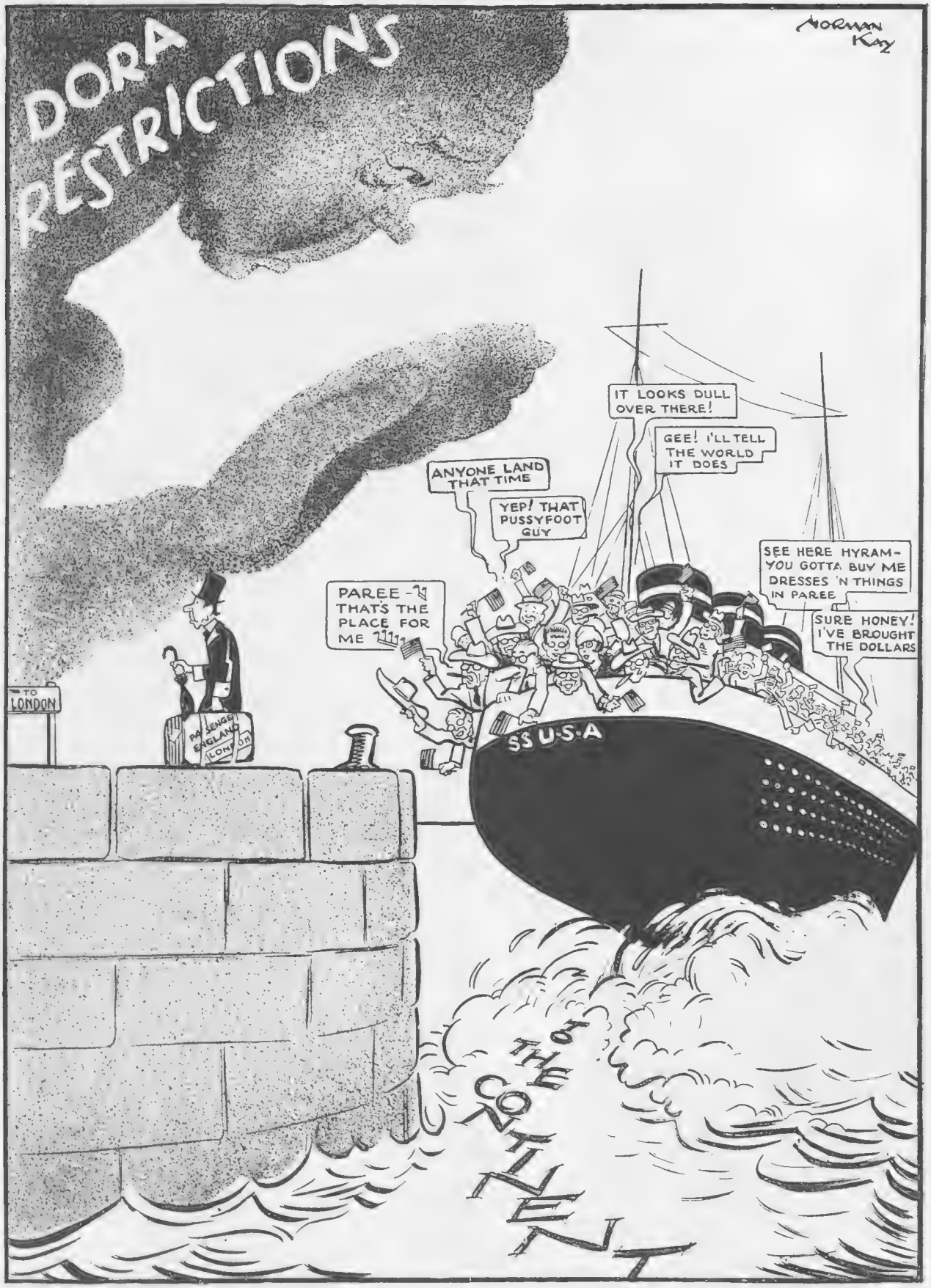
Mrs. D. G. Lyon and the Hon. Ivy Stapleton in the paddock at Lincoln

Mrs. Dudley Coats and Mr. Marshall Field at the Fernie Hunt Point-to-Point at Slawston

Lord Somerton and his sister, Lady Rosemary Agar, at the Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park

Mme. de Landa at the Staff College Drag Point-to-Point held at Ashbridge

Lady Brownlow and Lord Beaverbrook, whose horse Miscou ran third in the Lincoln, in the paddock



BY NORMAN KAY

THE SHADOW O'ER THE LAND

AT THE THEATRE

MUSICAL COMEDIES—

Sketches of "The Circle of Chalk" at the New Theatre by H. H. HARRIS

THE term musical comedy embraces all sorts and conditions of shows. The supremely spectacular, the sentimental, the uniform type from the land of Anthony Hope and Glory, the humorous, and others, too—if one cares to continue the cataloguing.

BUT of one thing I am certain, and that is, no matter to what particular genus the musical comedy belongs, to ensure success it must run on accepted lines. Lovers of this class of entertainment dislike anything too original.

C. B. COCHRAN, who never objects to trying out anything once, departed from the usual practice some years ago when he produced what might be described as realistic musical comedy, but the public would have none of *Cherry*. Though a stranger, they did not "'eave 'arf a brick at 'er," but neither did they throw their dollars at her. The poor dear died of neglect.

LADDIE CLIFF and Co. were, therefore, wise in duplicating a success for the opening of the reconstructed, and now pitless, Gaiety. The same company, and many of the same cast, hit the gold in the bull's eye in *So This is Love*, and their new production, *Love Lies*, is uncommonly like it. It is, therefore, intended to be of the humorous type, and, what is more rare, succeeds in being so.

THERE is nothing particularly original in the plot, which deals with matrimonial complications, and the authors, Stanley Lupino and Arthur Rigby, evidently do not set much store by it, for they throw it over before the end. Were they wise, they would discard some more even earlier, for the only stickiness throughout the evening is in the first scene of the Second Act, when the story makes an impertinent intrusion.

OF late years the Gaiety has hardly lived up to its title, for some of the shows there were as dull as ditchwater, but Stanley Lupino, in *Love Lies*, never lets the fun flag. He is a first-rate comedian with a thorough knowledge of his craft, and possesses a personality which exudes jollity. I should hesitate to say that all his jokes are new, but he is clever enough to secure as warm a welcome for old friends as for many new ones.

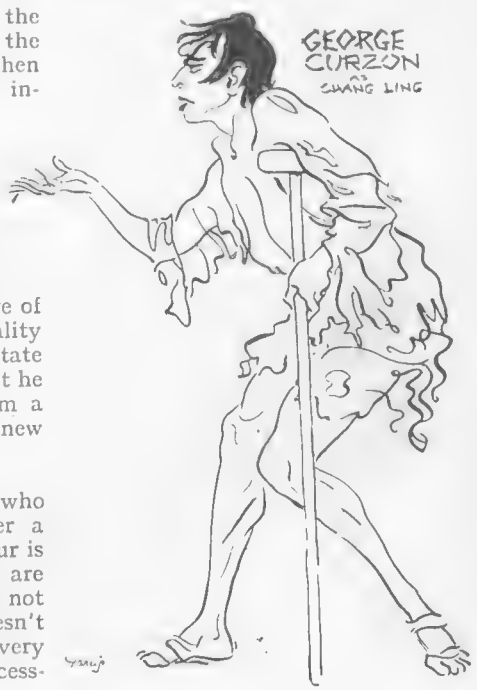
HIS "opposite" is Laddie Cliff, who in his own way is as clever a dancer as Lupino, and whose humour is of a drier brand. When these two are fooling about on the stage there is not a dull moment. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Fooling about! But there are very few comedians who can do it successfully.

THE love interest is in the hands—and feet—of that clever pair, Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, who do their work most pleasantly. They have little chance for expressing pathos, but what there is of it they do not spell with a "B." Connie Emerald plays a soubrette part brightly, and Wyn Weaver brings a touch of high comedy into a rather thankless part.

THE music is cheerful, and one song of Stanley Lupino's, called "I lift up my finger," will assuredly be one of the season's successes. As for the chorus, though not possessing the mechanical perfection of others I have seen, they yet bring to their work something more valuable. That is, they sing and dance as if they were really enjoying themselves, and this enjoyment is infectious. They thoroughly deserved a special call received for their work in a number which might be labelled "speed and exhaustion." Their high velocity becomes less and less high until all fall breathless on the stage. And if it was not real exhaustion which caused the collapse, one and all must be in first-rate training! An all-British success.

"The Five O'Clock Girl" at the London Hippodrome

THE methods of some musical comedy managements are a mystery to me, and I should very much like to have had a peep behind the scenes—a peep which would lead me to discover for what possible reason the book of *The Five O'Clock Girl*, by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, was thought a sufficiently good framework on which to hang a Hippodrome production.



With Comedy—& without

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

I DO not complain that the story is as old as the hills; anything else in musical comedy might be, as Miss Trafalgar Gower remarked, "out of place." What I do complain about is that in the telling it progressed no more than a dog chasing its own tail.

EVEN that drawback might have been a minor matter—in musical comedy—provided that, while chasing their tale, Messrs. Bolton and Thompson had displayed a *soupçon* of wit or humour. I listened attentively—at least, I did my best to do so—but throughout the entire evening I heard not one single line which alleviated the dreary drip of depressing dialogue.

IT was really painful to see a good cast struggling with adversity in

attempting to extract humour from a libretto where none existed. Here was that fine little comedian Ernest Truex, who appears to take to musical comedy as a duck takes to water, achieving the incredible by securing laughs where none really existed. Here was a newcomer in Jean Colin proving that an English—or must I say British?—actress is capable of taking a leading part in a musical play. Add to these the now inevitable Cockneydom of Hermione Baddeley and the nods, becks, and wreathèd smiles of George Grossmith, and it will be seen that, at all events, there are artists in the cast.

BUT let me beg the management to give them a better chance. It is not too late to call upon some librettist who *does* possess a sense of humour—and the theatre—to revise the book from end to end and give to the characters some lines which would ease their difficult task. I think that this action might be worth while, because in other ways *The Five O'Clock Girl* has things to recommend it. There are some charming stage pictures; the chorus is efficient and beautifully dressed, while some of the dancing is absolutely first-class. The brightest spots in the evening were when the Adams Sisters, and Peggy Beaty and Eddie Childs were doing speciality dances, and Madeleine Parker gave an amazing exhibition of doing step-dancing on her toes. The music, too, by Bert Kelmar and Harry Ruby, is so reminiscent that it is almost bound to be popular, and one of the tunes should assuredly catch on, so closely does it resemble "Tea for Two." What more could be asked for in a musical comedy score?

The Ideal Cast

WHAT is the ideal cast for a play? I think the most absolutely perfect acting is seen when you sit in a comfortable armchair *reading* a play and conjuring up the cast from your own imagination! I did this lately when a collection called *Great Modern British Plays* (Harrap: 8*s*. 6*d*. net) came into my hands. The oldest dramatists represented are Tom Robertson and Sir William S. Gilbert, while assuredly the youngest is Noel Coward.

SANDWICHED between these extremes are plays by Pinero, Jones, Sutro, Maugham, Bennett and Knoblock, St. John Hankin and others. Though well chosen, I doubt if all of them can carry the mantle of greatness. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea*, for instance, would hardly be greeted as great if it were ever revived, neither should I so describe *The Walls of Jericho*; but tastes differ, and the editor-selector, J. W. Marriott, could hardly be expected to live up to the title of the book.

IT was while dipping into these plays and visualising the perfect cast that I suddenly realised I had in the past seen perfect acting, because in some instances my memory rather than my imagination began to work. Here was Charles Wyndham as Sir Christopher Deering in *The Liars*; here Irene Vanbrugh as Rose Trelawney; here Allan Aynesworth as Lord Porteous in *The Circle*; here Fay Compton, the lovely lady in *The Man with the Load of Mischief*. All these were extremely obstinate. One and all they absolutely declined to be given the cold shoulder, for the reason that one could not possibly imagine these parts being played better—or differently. They *were* the characters the authors drew.

H. H. Harris's Sketches

OUR artist was quite peeved at not being allowed to do these in colour! I am not surprised, for the production would appeal to any artist's eye.

V. W.

FILM NOTES

"TALKIE" TALENT

By AUBERON

WARNER BROS. hope to electrify London with their latest Vitaphone production "Noah's Ark," which has come to stay for an indefinite period at the Piccadilly Theatre. They probably will, but not in quite the way they could wish!

❋

THE story is a representation of "America winning the war," intermingled with scenes of the great flood, from which for some reason we are supposed to draw a parallel. Taken from a purely spectacular standpoint, this film is a masterpiece, but when one is forced to deal with war, spies, floods and religion, not to mention plenty of "lips meeting lips" where Dolores Costello and George O'Brien are concerned, well, then things become too much for even such an experienced producer as Mr. Michael Curtiz to handle.

❋

"TALKIES" are on the upward

Fannie Brice, the brilliant film star who is appearing in "My Man." This new Warner Brothers Vitaphone was recently produced at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch

Marguerite Allan in the beautiful Spanish shawl she wears whilst starring in the British International picture, "A Romance of Seville." The exterior scenes of this film were actually "shot" in Seville

grade, however, for hardly a day goes by that there is not some mention of a leading star at Hollywood falling a victim to this prevailing craze. Ronald Colman has just completed his first effort in that line, namely, the ever-popular "Bulldog Drummond," and admirers of his one-time partner, beautiful Vilma Banky, will be fortunate enough to hear her voice in "This Is Heaven," shortly to be released. As yet, however, voices are not attractive, as the Vitaphone producers must admit. There is a hollow huskiness about Dolores Costello and the failure to accentuate the "s" is still pronounced.

❋

WE shall await with interest to hear as well as see "Coquette," which shows us Mary Pickford in a vampish *rôle*, and in her *première* talking part. The "world's sweetheart" has shed her curls and gingham gowns and become a lady of fashion possessed with a remarkable amount of "rr," if rumour can be relied on.

❋

SHE is to follow in her husband's footsteps at the New Gallery (a very right and proper thing to do), so when "Doug." has worn himself out with his d'Artagnan activities, Mary will obligingly step into his shoes, not quite so energetically, perhaps, but with the charm that has endeared her to the public.

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if gossip we must

"ALL the world loves a backwoods heir," gaily chirrups *The Daily Mail* in its comment on the arrival in England of the new Earl of Egmont, proceeding in the next sentence to compare his lordship with Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant. "So *nice* for him," as old Miss Compton used to say. I presume that "all the world" includes the Dowager Countess of Egmont, whose reign at Avon Castle will thus come to a close.

It is all rather like a Victorian novel, by Besant and Rice, or somebody—the turreted ancestral home, the peer from Canada turning up in S.S. Montrose (not the Crippen ship), and a cloth cap, the night at the village inn, the cheering villagers, the stately butler, and the inspection of the family portraits by Lord Egmont and his young son, with their cloth caps in their hands. Or did they keep them on? Previous Earls of Egmont, by the way, have had careers that have been—novel.

What should interest young Viscount Perceval, who does *not* resemble Little Lord Fauntleroy, is that an ancestor of his was involved in a shooting affray in the House of Commons—Spencer Perceval, who was, incidentally, Prime Minister of England. I knew Miss Perceval, his daughter, and she lived at Ealing. As her father was shot in 1812, she was rather older than I was.

NOW that Prince George has entered the Civil Service that body should become more civilised than ever; and "Eddie" Marsh has a Royal colleague. But it seems a pity that none of the sons of our Sailor King is now in the Navy. The Duke of York was in H.M.S. Collingwood for a time, but crocked up in health. The Duke of Gloucester has always concentrated exclusively on the Army, and, I believe, dislikes the Sea, a trait he probably inherits from his mother. But the Prince of Wales is genuinely fond of the Navy, and I thought when I heard him at the Guildhall dinner of the Master Mariners' Company say how he regretted leaving the Senior Service that there was a ring of genuine sincerity in his voice. "I'm afraid that was nearly twenty years ago," said His Royal Highness, which made his sheer boyishness, heightened in its setting of stalwart and weather-beaten sea captains, seem more miraculous than ever.

The police have no doubt that "Dora" still lives, otherwise the dear lady, in the person of P.C. Powell, would not have appeared at the Tunbridge Wells Police Ball—accompanied by Mrs. Lamb as "Col. Barker, D.S.O."

Mr. Lloyd George kicks off for Llanfairfechan, which means (by extension) the Land for Heroes to Dwell In! It is said he kicked the ball lustily, but, of course, this sort of ball has but a bladder reputation—unlike L.G.'s political fame!

Madeleine Parker, the graceful dancer appearing in "The Five O'Clock Girl," recently produced at the London Hippodrome

TWINS AND TEETOTALISM

I SUPPOSE the three best-known sets of twins are the Ruthven couple, the Dolly Sisters, and Lord Knutsford and Mr. Arthur Holland-Hibbert. A seventy-fourth birthday has come as a great event to these (the reference is solely to the last-named pair), and there were due rejoicings at (*a*) the London Hospital, for which Lord Knutsford has "begged" for so many years, and (*b*) Munden, the seat near Watford of his younger (by a few minutes) brother. Arthur Holland-Hibbert is a bit of a wag and wholly a teetotaller; not only has staunch and persistent jibbing at alcohol in any form always been his personal conviction, but he married a daughter of that eminent Blue-ribbonite, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. There is not a licensed public-house within miles of Munden. There was one once, called "The Old Fox," but the licence had to bow before the power of squirearchy, and the place now sells tea and lemonade under the sign of "The Old Fox with His Teeth Drawn."

The next estate, by the way, is Hanstead, that of the late Sir David Yule, who, when he died a few months ago, was said to be worth £25,000,000. I hear that this was too high an estimate, and that the estate will work out at a mere beggarly £15,000,000 or so.

NOEL PEMBERTON BILLING is a man with no ties and many responsibilities. One of his recent responsibilities was his play at the Strand Theatre, and that was a heavy one. As, however, he paid the equally heavy bill himself and gave us the opportunity of seeing a Bishop murder a Prime Minister and several other people murder their parts, this may be regarded as just as much of a permissible recreation as the fact that he prefers to wear a collar unadorned. Perhaps this is because, like Solly Joel, to whose yearlings at Maiden Erlegh each member of the Ascot Sunday party has to pay tribute, he is proud of his stud. When first I knew Pemberton Billing he was M.P. for a Hertfordshire constituency, and was running a political paper in the Imperialist interest and a motor car like a brass cigar on his own. When last I saw him he was standing on a stage making a sarcastic speech about those who did not like his play. I do not know when I shall see him again, but I hope it will be soon.

I HAVE had some hard things to say of Labour in these columns. As a political party its smugness, its spite and its inability to see sincerity in, or recognise at all, any point of view but its own have always prevented me from seeing red. But not one of these failings belonged to Stephen Walsh. If the dear little man had any failings at all, I never detected any, and I knew him pretty well. He lacked conceit and hypocrisy as much as he lacked inches. His learning and culture were amazing, yet he did not, as so many self-educated men do, cram them ostentatiously into the ears of the listener.

The ever-youthful George Grossmith, apparently oblivious to the entreaties of Hermione Baddeley, in a scene from the same musical comedy

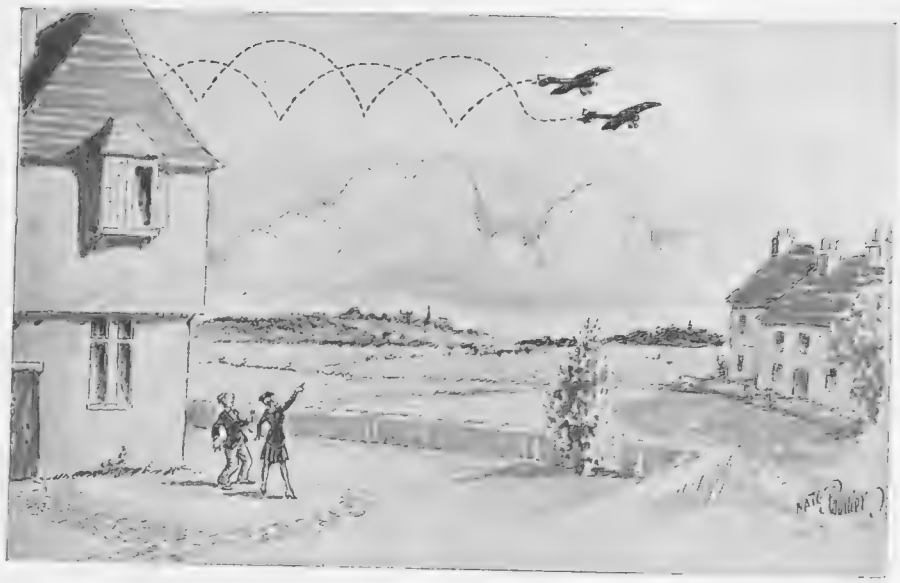
Jean Colin dressed for the part she plays in "The Five O'Clock Girl," the new musical comedy at the London Hippodrome

Photographs on this page by Sasha

Years ago Steve and I met in a "pub"—I'll call it hostelry if you like, but he wouldn't have done—and someone betted him he couldn't quote Browning for a minute without hesitating. Steve selected "The Ring and the Book," and went on in unchecked Wigan for about ten.

And at the War Office generals, great big red-faced ones, full of medal ribbons and prejudice, adored him.

TWICE within the last few months have I attended a dinner of the Irish Club. The first time, at the club premises in the Charing Cross Road, there was gloom over the proceedings, for the King was lying desperately ill, and Lord Lascelles, the chief guest, was absent. He came in when dinner was over just to tell us that His Majesty had been operated on an hour before and was going on as well as could be expected.



By Nate Collier

WHAT WE MAY COME TO

"There's Tommy up there playing leap-frog again with that stunt airman's little boy"

Marian Lewis

Miss Elaine Howlett, daughter of Mr. Howlett, the Superintendent of the Wardrobe of the King. Miss Howlett is a well-known dancer, and is a god-daughter of the Queen

Even that news did not make things much better, for it was difficult not to fear the worst.

The second dinner took place the other night at the Park Lane Hotel, and there was general cheerfulness. If the Irish Club is "a little piece of Irish soil in London," it is a very loyal piece. Politics are barred, and they do not find the playing by pipers of "The Wearin' o' the Green" and pretty hearty singing of "God Save the King" in the least incongruous. There's something in being Irish.

BUT the speeches were too long. Duff Cooper would have been ten times more effective if he had been five minutes shorter, but he extricated himself wittily out of more than one *faux pas*. Even a Roman Catholic Bishop, with scarlet skull-cap, jewelled cross, and episcopal ring, could scarce forbear to cheer. Lady Oxford contented herself with looking impressive. Edward Shortt, K.C., who used to be Chief Secretary for Ireland before he became Home Secretary for us, was the most effective speaker of the lot, for he lived up to his name—and kept it so.

THIS is not intended to be a plea for lashings of alcohol. Drink is a pleasant enough thing in moderation (and even out of moderation at times), if the internal mechanism can stand it. But our oft-repeated down-with-Dora arguments are only concerned with the very desirable freedom for the community to buy alcohol whenever it is so "disposed"; they are not propaganda for the drinking of vast and unwholesome quantities of it at all hours of the day and night.

YET I think I would sooner read of drunken orgies at Oxford (there used to be plenty of 'em twenty years ago, and I have never met anybody to whom they did much harm) than last week's piece of organised gaiety beside the banks of the Isis.

Mark what the participants in the fun, reckless, daring devils that they were, had to do. They had to see

LT.-COL. ELWY-JONES

The cheery director of "Piccadilly Revels," at the Piccadilly Hotel, where also lovers of dancing find a fine floor and a first-class band

A GAME OF GIVE AND TAKE

Dessurne, Winchester

Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.P., who rode the winner, leading the field in the Hursley Point-to-Point meeting at Farley Mount. Lord Apsley is the eldest son of Lord Bathurst, and his mother, Lady Bathurst, was for some time the owner of "The Morning Post," and a pillar of the Diehard Party

Two competitors, the Earl of Feversham, on the left, and Mr. A. Crawley, who took part in the Oxford University United Colleges Point-to-Point Steeplechase meeting at Oddington. The former succeeded his father, who was killed in the war, in 1916

how many cafés they could visit in the course of a morning and in each one drink a cup of coffee and smoke one cigarette.

In my day there were only about two cafés in Oxford. It was, frankly, not considered "the thing" to visit them at all, and those who did patronise such places only did so at tea-time.

What were these coffee-sipping heroes doing about lectures and other spots of work that are supposed to fill up the morning at both the universities? Do they play games in the afternoon, or drink more coffee?

HAVE you heard this story of the wealthy American who was engaged in some litigation in London? It is a pretty fair tribute to British justice if true (and I believe it to be), and if it not true—well, it's a good story. The aforesaid American said to his solicitor just before the case came on, "Say, I guess I'd better send a couple of cases of champagne to the old judge, just to keep him sweet?" "For Heaven's sake don't do anything of the sort," replied his horrified adviser. "If you want to lose the case, that's just the way to do it!" The American won his case right enough, and when it was over the solicitor said to him, "Thank God, you didn't send that champagne!" "But I sure did send it," said the American. "*I sent it in the other guy's name!*"

By Starr Wood

"Awfully sorry, dad, but I've wrecked the new car!"

"Eh—how?"

"A beastly tree ran out into the middle of the road from behind a hedge!"

"CAMBRIDGE"
A striking example of the work of Mr. Fred Taylor, R.I.

POSTER ART & ADVERTISING

By
GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

As Lord Dewar suggested during his witty and most interesting speech at the opening of the London and North-Eastern Railway's Exhibition of Poster Art at the New Burlington Galleries, "When art and advertising combine the admirable result is seen here to-day in a collection of beautiful and most artistic posters, and will be felt to-morrow by the increased revenue of the L.N.E.R.! For no one with a spark of imagination (and the much-abused British public *does* possess this gift) could resist the lure of travel when its joys are so seductively portrayed."

CONTINUING his speech on the essential amalgamation between commerce and Art, Lord Dewar went on to say that we cannot pride ourselves on being the first generation to realise this fact. He had returned from a tour in Egypt convinced that Rameses II was the world's greatest advertiser, for on nearly every pillar of the many beautiful temples erected by him is to be found his name or his picture; in fact, he reached the summit of self-advertisement when he had his father's name obliterated from the most lovely temple at Karnac and substituted his own!

THE L.N.E.R. are certainly to be congratulated on their imagination and far-sightedness. They have realised for several years the extreme importance of pictorial advertisement, but their success lies in the fact that they have understood the necessity of appealing to the public through the medium of real and serious art instead of the banal, badly executed and sentimental drawings which are still generally employed to advertise commercial commodities.

IN this exhibition are to be found the names of some of our best modern artists. We were told to-day that simplicity, sincerity and strength are the most necessary attributes to

A Yorkshire Coast subject painted by Mrs. Laura Knight, A.R.A.

Another fine example of modern advertising art. The poster was executed by R. E. Higgins, R.B.A., R.O.I., whose work is so deservedly popular

successful commercial enterprise; they are equally necessary to the production of virile art, and it is exactly these qualities which are particularly noticeable in the posters—strength of design, freedom of outline and brilliance of colouring make the majority most arresting and satisfying to the eye.

THE two outstanding posters are "The Western Highlands," by Maurice Grieffenhagen, and Laura Knight's "The Yorkshire Coast." The former is a fine study of Prince Charlie and his suite at Loch Shiel, the design and grouping of course excellent, and the colouring most attractive. Mrs. Knight's poster stands out by reason of its extreme simplicity; it is entirely modern, and represents four children dancing on the sand with a background of sea and sky, which gives an infinite feeling of space.

THE work of Tom Purvis is always arresting, and he is justly famed as a master of the art of strong and beautiful colouring. He is particularly successful in the realm of poster designing, for his drawing is bold and he has acquired the art of eliminating all unnecessary detail, consequently there is nothing to distract the eye from the main theme of his poster. He specialises in East Anglian subjects, and I was particularly attracted by his design of "Harwich for the Continent."

IN a short space one cannot pay well-deserved tribute to all the artists, but Fred Taylor's interior entitled "Cambridge" and "Peterborough Cathedral" show a fine knowledge of architecture and a great capacity for depicting it beautifully.

ALTOGETHER I call this one of the most refreshing and inspiring exhibitions of Modern Art that I have seen for a long time, and one is filled with pride to think that it is a British Railway Company that has employed real artists to stimulate the Englishman's love of travel and encourage him to discover the beauties of his own country.

AS I enjoy contrasts, I also visited an Exhibition of Early English Water Colour and Pencil Drawings at the Squire Gallery, Portman Square. I was particularly interested in the fact that there were four water colours by Thomas Rowlandson. Admittedly, these are not examples of either his best or most attractive work, for they are country scenes, while Rowlandson's art resembles that of Hogarth; it is human nature from which he derived his inspiration, and it is his portrayal of the streets and life of London town at the end of the eighteenth century which is slowly earning him the fame and reputation which should have been his many years ago. Even in these four drawings, however, one is struck by the freedom and breadth of his treatment and design as compared with the works of the other artists of the period. His drawing appears so much less detailed and painstaking, yet he achieves great character and expression.

A GOOD many of these pictures are already sold, but apart from the Rowlandsons there are a great many sketches for sale which I should be very glad to possess. G. P. O.

A striking railway poster executed by Tom Purvis, a master of advertising art, whose flat, brilliant colouring is so distinctive

BY STAN TERRY

BRIGHTER GOLF!

THREE HAN

BY LEON HERON

DED BRIDGE

Be sure you leave a Y-grip trail

It's the mark of wise Motorists

The why of the Y-grip
The pattern of the Clincher tread is deliberately designed to prevent slip.

Look at the tyres of the seasoned drivers—the veteran motorists. They are Clincher Y-grip cords—the tyres that hold the road and go the distance.

Clinchers make a car as nimble as a cat—light-poised yet sure-footed. The Y-grip blocks skidding.

The thick, tough, centre-pad of resilient rubber gives that cushioned carriage while ensuring hard-wearing quality where the wear is greatest.

Be *sure* this Spring and fit Clincher Y-grip tyres. They are especially designed for all-weather driving.

The wise replace with Y-grip

NORTH BRITISH

"Clincher" Cords

GUARANTEED
7,000 MILES MINIMUM
GOOD FOR 20,000!

Not only British—but "NORTH BRITISH"

Made in Edinburgh by The North British Rubber Co., Ltd.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"'I pay you eight hundred a year to create mascots and advertising figures'"

MASCOT

by JOHN GLOAG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. LITCHFIELD

THE material was a new alloy in which steel and aluminium were fused with certain other things. I may be hazy regarding the ingredients; probably I am; but with the character of this new composition I am quite familiar. It was called Alvadol, and it was altogether wonderful stuff. Thin, rigid metal sheets—thin as paper and yet as stiff as sheet steel: that was Alvadol.

It opened up possibilities, eh? And once you started making it in large enough quantities it would be dirt cheap. And it was our job to create the demand that would build up the necessary output. The chief was rubbing his hands with excitement at landing the account when he sent for me. It promised to be a big thing even for us, and we're not the smallest advertising agency in the world either. The chief said:

"Niven, there's something here for you. I pay you eight hundred a year to create mascots and advertising figures, and you are now in a position to justify my confidence in your ability. I told them we must tie up the whole idea of Alvadol with a mascot—a figure that would get across the special properties of the product, and at the same time indicate its varied uses. It must stand for Alvadol as powerfully as the cross stands for Christianity."

MELROSE, the star contact man, who was going to handle the account, told me afterwards that he wished the chief wouldn't make those sort of comparisons; they only upset the old-fashioned type of manufacturer and put Nonconformists right off. Melrose is a bit old-fashioned himself.

I asked the chief how long he could give me to work out some ideas.

"They got to have the scheme complete by Tuesday," he said. He'd sent for me on Friday afternoon; so that was that so far as my week-end was concerned.

I went back to the studio and began to scribble down notions. Melrose gave me a list of possible uses for the stuff, and it was about fifteen feet long in single-spaced typing. There didn't seem to be anything you couldn't use Alvadol for, except bed-linen and clothes. The motor trade would be all over it; so would architects, engineers, aeroplane-builders, shipbuilders, box-makers, and a thousand and one other people.

I covered an imperial sheet with ideas, but a figure to symbolise the material didn't come out of them.

I hadn't got the glimmering of a solution by seven o'clock, so I went off for some dinner. Payne's, where some of us ran a sort of club, was quite near the office. It happens to be one of those pre-War restaurants that have stayed good. First-rate cooking, real coffee, and a sprinkling of artists: no sham Bohemians from the suburbs: no jazz band. About twenty of us, people from different commercial studios, subscribed for a private room where we could lunch and dine occasionally. We rubbed up our ideas on each other.

I didn't particularly want to be alone; so I didn't mind when I found Harold Coffin there with another man. Coffin was a poster man, and a big one. He made the whole advertising business sit up with a jerk after the War with the ideas he sent flaming across the hoardings.

He was an odd creature to look at; all eyes and teeth and red hair, and was as nervous as a girl—an old-fashioned girl, I mean. The man he was with was a dark edition of himself, with black hair instead of red, but with the same prominent teeth and bulging eyes. He turned out to be Coffin's brother, just back from some God-forgotten part of West Africa.

Coffin told me that I was looking worried.

"I shouldn't be if I had your mind," I said; and then put my problem in front of him.

"Wish you joy of the job," he said when I'd finished; "it seems a case for one of Jack's magic-masters." He grinned at his brother, and I asked an obvious question.

"There are some queer birds in the part of the world I've been living in, that's all," said Jack Coffin. "I was

(All rights strictly reserved)

telling my brother Harold about a hill tribe in the Mapo territory that have ruled a tract of country half the size of England for four or five centuries by magic. They could help you to invent half a dozen figures or mascots, or whatever you want, in half an hour or so."

"How?" I asked.

"Oh, in various ways." He stopped short, and then added: "But they might not be the sort of figures that would look well in an advertisement."

I pushed a few more questions at him, and he fenced, until Harold burst out with:

"Oh, tell him, Jack. He's a persistent devil, and, anyway, he won't believe it."

Jack Coffin smiled, and said:

"No, I don't suppose he will. There's a lot of odd knowledge locked up under black, woolly scalps in Africa. It comes out sometimes and frightens one. Most white men could put in a lot of time being frightened in the Mapo territory, especially when they get up into the Aparilla country, where the magic-masters are.

"For instance, I could touch your mind in such a way that a procession of figures symbolising this metal stuff of yours would come marching into your imagination. I could do that simply by tapping a certain kind of drum very lightly for thirty or forty minutes in a dark room."

That dinner degenerated into a wrangle about magic, black magic, witchcraft, and Voodooism. Afterwards Harold Coffin took us both back to his studio on the top floor of a big house in the Adelphi, and said he was going to have a practical demonstration.

I'd been in the studio before several times, but it always looked different. Fresh furniture and pictures and curtains and cushions were always coming in. Coffin had a passion for variety. I noticed that one end of the big room was now screened by a great curtain of black silk, over which some particularly long and willowy golden dragons were crawling.

"Jack's sleeping up here," Harold explained. "He's brought all sorts of junk back with him, and he's got one of those drums he's been talking about. He was showing it to me yesterday. It's like a greasy barrel."

"I don't mind letting you see it," said Jack Coffin, "but I don't want you to go further than that."

He went behind the big curtain, while Harold said:

"We'll have some fun with this. Black magic bottled in barrels, specially imported." He took up a piece of charcoal and began to scrawl on a sheet of detail paper that was pinned on the long drawing-table that ran down the centre of the studio. He drew a barrel vomiting clouds of smoke from one end, and the smoke became a web of impish faces. There were skulls and elves and gnomes in a smoky pattern. And very swiftly he sketched in a caricature of his brother, dressed only in a loin-cloth, beating the side of the barrel with an umbrella.

"That's unkind," said Jack when he saw the drawing. "No white man discards his pants on the Coast, Harold. Pants are a caste mark, in a way."

He handed me the black drum. It was made of wood, polished and stained, with hairy hide stretched over one end, the hair being removed from a circular space where, presumably, the drum was beaten. It felt greasy. I remarked on that, and Jack Coffin smiled that peculiarly nasty slow smile of his and said:

"I don't wonder. You see, the wood's dyed with blood—human blood mixed with the blood of a jungle cock. Some of the big Aparilla drums have the blood of five or six generations of sacrifices soaked into them. No wonder they have power, for they're supposed to draw back bits of the spirit of every man whose blood has been shed for them whenever they are beaten."

"Look here, Jack, do you believe there is anything in all this magic stuff?" Harold asked.

"BELIEVE?" Jack Coffin spoke quietly, but with a note of passionate conviction. "I *know!* I made it my business to find out."

I asked him why the Aparilla hadn't objected to his inquiries.

"Because I didn't tackle the job from the outside like a spy," he returned; "I became a friend." He paused, and then added: "And a believer. I learnt something—enough, as I've told you, to give you a choice of ideas for your Alvadol mascot."

Harold jumped up from his chair.

"You shall, Jack," he announced, "you shall. We've kept Niven here the whole evening, and it's up to you to help him out, although it's all rot, you know."

"Is it?" said Jack. "Well, I won't take the responsibility for anything, mind, for *anything* that happens. And, of course, it's just barely possible that nothing may happen at all."

"I can tell you one thing that'll happen if you start

(Continued on page 32)

"I jumped for the stairway, but I felt its burning fingers on my shoulders"

BASKCOMB—"WIB-BWEAKER"

Peggy O'Neil and A. W. Baskcomb in a scene from "Merry Merry" at the Carlton Theatre. The ardent swain proves altogether too cave-mannish for his subsequent peace of mind

The fateful moment! A. W. Baskcomb as the admirer starting in on the embrace which lands him into so much trouble, and turns him from a peaceful citizen to a weally weckless "wib-bweaker"

MASCOT (continued from page 30)

thumping that drum," I said; "and that is a policeman taking the stairs four at a time to stop the racket; it'll be heard all over the Adelphi."

"These things can be controlled," said Jack; "switch off the light and hand me the drum. Thank you—now, just sit still, both of you, and don't talk."

A complex pattern of London noises held my attention until I became aware of a deep background of sound, something that throbbed and hummed and grew steadily stronger and deeper and richer in volume. I could just see a vague shape where I knew Jack Coffin was sitting; but he was making no movement so far as I could judge in that uncertain light.

IT was a soothing noise; nothing terrifying about it; but it seemed to take hold of the room and fill it with elemental music. I could pick out a regular beat running through it, *throb, throb, throb,* it went, with a pause, and then three consecutive beats; a definite rhythm.

I wondered how long this was going to last. Big Ben struck eleven, and I realised that the evening had gone and I was no nearer the end of my troubles in the matter of the Alvadol mascot. And just at that particular moment I had an idea.

A figure danced into my mind; a shining, inhuman shape, a metallic parody of a man that shot up in silver flames from a big wheel that took the place of legs. Then it changed, and the blunt, blank-faced head became a wheel; the square body sprouted wings, spreading, metal wings; a pair of many-jointed legs suddenly became active, and the thing strode round and round in time with the *throb, throb, throb* of the Aparilla drum. Suddenly the rhythm changed: it became faster, with a shorter pause after the third beat, and the figure pirouetted until its gleaming body was a band of silver fire. Then came another change in the form of my mascot. Its arms grew monstrous, overshadowing the rest of the body, until presently it became just two great arms built of polished cubes of metal, branching out from a winged wheel, and ending in blunt, square claws.

"By Jove!" I cried; "I believe that's it."

As I spoke I had the queerest feeling that I'd smashed something. I felt, too, as if I'd suddenly fallen from a great height down through the roof of the studio into my chair. I heard Harold Coffin jump up; then the studio lights went on, and I blinked and laughed.

Jack Coffin was lolling back in his chair, with the drum between his knees, apparently asleep. One hand was on the drum, and I thought for a second that it was my mascot's hand, for it looked in the dazzled space of time that followed the turning on of the light as though it was made of bright metal, and had square fingers and blunt claws.

Harold shook his brother, who roused immediately and looked across at me.

"Well?" he said.

"Much obliged," I said; "I've got an idea, but whether I'm to connect it with your music or not I don't know."

"Please yourself about what you believe," he said abruptly. "I'm glad if I've been of any help—you shouldn't have interrupted, though. Accidents happen that way; but I expect it'll be all right."

"Accidents?" said Harold; "what d'you mean?"

"Oh, nothing much," was his brother's response. "One ought to finish: things may drift about if you don't, and Aparilla magic that gets loose is awkward."

I said that I had to go. It was a quarter past eleven, and I wanted to get at my drawing-board and make some records of the notions that had come to me. I had collected a possible idea out of Jack's performance. I shook hands with him, and his fingers felt like cold iron. I glanced down and saw that I was clasping something that resembled a polished steel gauntlet, with blunt claws. I drew back with a smothered exclamation. Harold said:

"What on earth's up?"

Jack smiled a little and said:

"Something's got loose, I'm afraid. You'll have to drop the idea, Mr. Niven, however good it is."

And then I saw his hand was an ordinary human hand, and that some trick of shadow had given me that odd fancy. I felt I'd made rather a fool of myself, and also felt that an explanation would sound hopelessly silly.

I walked up Buckingham Street, crossed the Strand, and went along by St. Martin-in-the-Fields. There was a street row on, and a couple of drunken Guardsmen were giving two policemen a lot of trouble. I watched them being marched off, and admired the way the bobbies tackled the job. They passed within a yard of me, and I caught a glint of metal where one of the policemen was gripping the wrist of a huge Grenadier. He may have had the man handcuffed, but I could have sworn that the Guardsman was being grasped by a steel hand with fingers formed by polished metal cubes.

The silvery gleam of the thing stood out against the dark blue of the policeman's jacket and the hot scarlet of the Grenadier's tunic; and then they passed under the beam from a street lamp, and the illusion melted. But it left a queer discomfort in my mind. No modern man likes to be jerked up suddenly against his buried superstitions. We've all got perfectly incredible fears deep down in us somewhere, and life in twentieth-century London doesn't provide many opportunities for their resurrection; but they're there all right, as I realised when I reached my rooms. I lived in Baker Street, sharing a flat with another man, a journalist called Frinton, who was seldom in when I was at the place. He was away reporting some political mission at Geneva at the time.

I let myself in, lit a pipe, and sat with a sketching block on my knees. I jotted various renderings of the idea, and worked for the best part of an hour, and then decided to sleep on the motion. I discovered then that I was frightfully tired. It was quite an effort to lever myself out of the chair and move off to my bedroom.

I only got as far as the door, for directly I touched the door handle I jumped backwards across the passage. The cold roundness of that door handle had changed into a metal hand that grasped mine as I touched it. I felt the metal fingers crushing into my palm, and I only got my hand away in time.

I WAS unnerved. I switched on the light in the passage; but the handle of my bedroom door was exactly what it had always been—a smooth, round brass knob.

The best thing to do was to sleep it all off and tackle the mascot problem with a fresh mind in the morning.

I slept, and I can't remember my dreams; but I do recall that through them ran unceasingly the throbbing of the Aparilla drum. When I woke I felt dazed, and the drum-beats still thumped in my ears. My bed seemed hard, and the bedposts had acquired an odd shape, so that for a moment I thought I was lying in the steel palm of a huge metal claw that threatened to close and crush me. I sprang out of bed, and then swore at myself for being such a fanciful fool. The bed was the same ordinary piece of furniture that I had slept in for months. But there was a curious consistency about my fancifulness, and I had to abandon the idea of shaving because the handle of my safety razor actually nipped my fingers like a crab. The handle of my hairbrush also turned to cold steel and snapped at me when I picked it up, and the handles of everything I touched behaved in the same aggressive way—drawer handles, door handles, and even the trees in my shoes.

Breakfast had no interest for me, and I went out and almost ran up Baker Street and into Regent's Park. I had a belief that trees and flowers could not join this conspiracy to change their shapes; but as it happened I was mistaken.

I knew that it was all imagination, and it brought home to me the fact that I had been overworking for some weeks; but I wasn't going to be beaten. I went down to the office and sat in the studio. I began to make a finished drawing from the rough notes I had made the night before. Presently one of the juniors told me that I was wanted on the telephone. It was Harold Coffin, and he asked me if I was all right.

"Of course," I said, although the receiver was gripping my ear with steel fingers.

"Jack made me ring you up," he explained; "he insisted that I asked you to drop any ideas you got from last night's turn with the drum."

(*Continued on page 31*)

The LATEST FLOATING PALACE

GLIMPSES ON BOARD P. & O.'s NEW LINER VICEROY OF INDIA

(TOP) *A single-berthed cabin with bathroom attached*

(LEFT) *The boat deck from the bridge*

(RIGHT) *Entrance to "A" deck, showing the music room in the right background*

The three photographs above are of the new 19,700 tons turbo-electric steamship Viceroy of India belonging to the P. and O. Company. One of the most luxuriously equipped liners afloat, she will begin a series of Mediterranean cruises in June, and is admirably suited in every respect for such work

MASCOT (continued from page 32)

"Well, I shan't," I said; and even as I spoke I had to draw back from the transmitter, which grasped at my lips with shining claws.

"Well, it's his advice, not mine," he replied.

"I'm on an absolute winner of a mascot," I said.

"I didn't get that."

No wonder, I was speaking too far away from that menacing mouthpiece for him to hear properly.

"It doesn't matter," I said feebly, pulling the receiver away from my ear with a painful jerk and slamming it down on the hook.

"Why, your ear's bleeding, Mr. Niven," said the junior who had called me to the telephone. Thank God he provided a rational explanation for it immediately afterwards by saying: "The earpiece got chipped last night when I knocked the 'phone over by accident, and it's left the rim jagged. You must have pressed it hard against your ear."

I mumbled something in reply, and settled myself at my drawing-board again.

I knew that things were getting jolly serious and that I was heading for something pretty grisly unless I kept myself well in hand. But I was going to stick to my work and put that mascot in its final form, with an outline of its possible variations, on the chief's desk on Monday morning. I wasn't going to be intimidated by magic, black, white, or any colour.

I didn't want any lunch that Saturday, and worked late into the afternoon, alone in the studio. I'd finished before I left the place, and I felt I'd won.

"Damn it! I've won! Damn it! I've won!" I found myself repeating over and over again, until I managed to stop this almost mechanical muttering.

I locked up the studio after a final look over the drawings of my perfect Alvadol mascot, and pressed the button for the automatic lift to take me to the ground floor. The studio was at the top of the big office building.

The lift seemed to be a long time coming up, and I was wondering wearily whether the current was switched off, and if I should have to walk down, when the gate to the shaft slid back and up the shaft came, not the lift, but a huge shimmering claw of steel. It was dazzling, it was hot, white hot, and it snatched at me through the open gateway. I jumped for the stairway, but I felt its burning fingers on my shoulders, and it crushed my arms to my sides, dragging me back to the shaft as I screamed and struggled.

ON Wednesday I was conscious again, and I learned a little later that I had fallen down the lift shaft. It was supposed that I had opened the gate before the lift ascended, and had been overcome with faintness and collapsed through the open gateway. A broken arm and a fractured skull gave me all the rest I needed from overwork, and it was some months before I got back to the office.

I asked Melrose about the Alvadol account directly I returned.

"It fell through," he said. "Somebody else put up a scheme, too, and we hadn't anything to show."

"Hadn't anything to show!" I nearly yelled at him. "What the devil happened to all the drawings I sweated over for hours before I fell down that blasted shaft? Do you mean to say the chief was ass enough to funk using them?"

"THERE wasn't anything to use," Melrose insisted. "As far as we could see you hadn't got on to the Alvadol proposition at all. You left a lot of drawings of the nastiest sort of nigger around your board . . ."

"Where are they?" I demanded.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I've got them here. I took the liberty of impounding them," he confessed. "I didn't want the chief to see them." Old Melrose got quite pink, and stammered: "You see, he might have thought you had gone and got tight and turned out these nightmares, and then fallen down the lift shaft. You know he always expects the worst of artists. Of course, *I* knew you'd been overworking."

I couldn't help laughing.

"Let's have a look at the nightmares," I said; and he took them out of a drawer.

Four sketches of a naked black figure were put into my hands. They were utterly horrible; bestial, filthy, and savage. In each case the face was fixed in a smile, and in each case I had produced a portrait of Jack Coffin with a black skin.

"I never remember doing these," I began; and then I decided to say nothing more to Melrose.

I asked him who got the Alvadol account.

"Oh, a new firm," he replied; "Coffin Publicity Services, Limited. Harold Coffin's interested in it, and a brother of his is managing director.

J. G.

By J. GREENALL.

"And, finally, I discovered that he had already promised to marry two other girls"

"What engaging ways he must have!"

PARIS GOSSIP

GREATNESS AND GASTRONOMICS

By JAY MARTIN

ALFRED SAVOIR, the brilliant author of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,* is writing a play based on the life of Catherine of Russia. Lunching with him the day after I had seen the cinema version of *The Patriot,* and the idea of Russia being indelibly associated with tragedy, I asked, foolishly enough, if his play was to be tragic . . . Naturally, as far as Savoir is concerned, Catherine will be a comedy. The play will be produced at the Capucines, and to imagine anything but a comedy being played there is as ridiculous as an ambassador being greeted at the Elysée by the Garde Republicaine's band playing *Ich kusse Ihre Hande, Madame.*

I ASKED Savoir when a writer should start saving his original manuscripts, as I thought if I sold them to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach he might advance me a few thousand dollars. Savoir replied that he has never saved his manuscripts, nor Press clippings, nor theatre programmes, as he, in the commencement of his career, could never picture himself as anything but young . . . and it seemed to him impossible that he would ever relish, or need, memories. I thought that a very pretty idea, and nearly cried. That this wonderfully witty French playwright should have such deep thoughts impressed me profoundly, and then I recalled that Savoir was born in Poland.

JOSE-MARIA SERT, the Spanish mural painter, is to design the settings for *Catherine.* It's about time a real artist did something decorative for the French stage. Sert's wife told me that she isn't sure whether or not Sert will do the sets, but after he sees this announcement in print he will simply have to live up to it.

TRISTAN BERNARD was walking about Paris the other day with a fellow-author who is famous for his conceit. In passing a house which bore a plaque, on which was inscribed the fact that the building had once been the home of J. K. Huysmans, the author of *A Rebours, La-Bas* and other pleasant stories, which are intended to send you to sleep for an hour or two, so that you will awake emitting shrieks of terror. Bernard's companion gazed at the plaque, and said thoughtfully, "I wonder what sign they will place on *my* house after *my* death!" "Apartment to let," answered Bernard from the depths of his beard.

"JAY MARTIN"

Our racy Paris correspondent, who is also on the staff of our Paris contemporary, "The Boulvardier"

GOING into lunch at the Ritz Grill, and while waiting to be conducted to our table, I was steadily continuing a rather one-sided conversation with my companion until I glanced sideways and discovered, to my horror, that I was alone. I must have been talking to myself for three or four minutes while that sap was outside the entrance to the grill, enthralled in looking over a platter of *suprême de volaille.*

WHEN we were finally seated I said to him acidly, "Now you have to order it for us, and I don't care how expensive it is. Imagine your leaving me standing talking to myself while you stand in awe before a table of *hors-d'œuvres.*" Edward had just returned from Germany, which, perhaps, accounted for his sudden worship of *delicatessen.* At any rate, his admiration for the *suprême de volaille,* at the Ritz, which, to tell you the truth, is superb beyond speech, may speak well for the hotel's cuisine, but the people who had witnessed my blithe monologue may not speak of my mental state in high terms.

BERNARD SHAW'S APOTHEOSIS!

Mr. Bernard Shaw has just been apotheosized in a stained glass window at the Ethical Church, Queen's Road, Bayswater, alongside the late Anatole France, who is portrayed reading the facts of history. The views of Hannen Swaffer on Mr. Shaw's latest achievement have not yet been culled!

IN the Place St. Augustin is a new little cinema of modernist design called *Le Studio Diamant.* At present they are showing *Un cri dans le Metro,* by "Sir" Anthony Asquith, according to the announcements! Looking inquisitively over Olivier's shoulder the other day on the Vendôme side of the Ritz, I saw, according to his

HOW TO GET BILLS SETTLED

list of reservations, that "Lord" Churchill would be lunching there. There is a stunning new shop-front in the Rue St. Honoré: a tall, narrow expanse of metal and light green glass rises to meet the upper floors, which retain their old eighteenth-century façade; and by contrast there is a movement on foot to "classify" the entire Ile St. Louis, thereby preserving it in its entire antiquity for posterity.

THERE is a lovely portrait of Jane Renouardt by Vuillard on view, temporarily, at the Luxembourg, and this gallery has given up its finest Manets, Sisleys, Pissaroes, Cezannes, Van Goghs, and Renoirs to the Louvre. In fact the entire *caillebotté* collection has been transferred, and a great room rebuilt and fitted with a specially constructed glass roof has received them. This new room is in the eastern section of the Louvre, and Manet's "Olympe," and his portrait of Zola, have also been placed there.

LADY JONES, the author of "The Courtship of Serena Blandish," is translating *Alexandre Asiatique*, one of the Princess Bibesco's earlier books. John D. Rockefeller was in Paris incognito for one day, and Marie of Rumania blew in at one railroad station and out at another on her way to Dinard. Which reminds me of a little verse written by Dorothy Parker, one of the cleverest minds in America:—

Oh, Life is a wondrous song,
A medley of extemporanea,
And Love is a thing that can never go wrong,
(And I am the Queen of Rumania!)

Which, I feel sure you will agree, is quite, *quite* neat.

HERE is a story, not of my own Uncensored Recollections, as I was not alive at the time, but told to me by a friend who was very much alive then. The Prince de Sagan, the Parisian Beau Brummel of the 'eighties, was lunching at Durand's, the famous restaurant of the epoch, now out of existence. The Prince was president of the Auteuil steeplechase and a leader of fashion in every phase. He could make or break the reputation of a tailor by the simple expedient of forcing the tailor to dress him gratuitously.

HE lunched nearly every day at Durand's, and was the centre of attraction. One day the head waiter approached de Sagan, and said quietly, "Monsieur le Prince, I must remind you that you have forgotten to pay your bill, which is already of some months' standing." The Prince said, "I am glad that you recall the fact to me . . . You may present the bill before I leave," and went on with his *hors-d'œuvres*.

WHEN the waiter appeared with the fish de Sagan tasted it, and said loudly enough for his neighbours to hear, "The fish is very poor to-day." With a *filet de bœuf* before him the Prince said, more loudly, "There must be a new chef here, and a bad one." His opinion spread about the restaurant. Finally, with the dessert which he had ordered, the proprietor himself came, and said in de Sagan's ear, "Monsieur le Prince, a grave error has been made in the book-keeping. May I present you with a receipted bill?" . . . And he did. So that as de Sagan sipped his coffee he had no complaints to make. . . .

DURING the same period the Prince of Wales was a great friend of the Princesse de Sagan, and used to visit the beautiful Hôtel de Sagan, in the Rue St. Dominique, on every visit to Paris. De Sagan was known to take unheard of advantage of his wife, who was the daughter of Seillères, the banker, and to annoy her would often refuse to be present at her parties. During one sojourn in Paris of the Prince of Wales Princesse de Sagan planned an official dinner in his honour. Being an intimate friend of the family, and knowing de Sagan's aggravating caprices, the Prince of Wales explained to the Princess that he must be assured of her husband's presence at the head of the table. Princesse de Sagan sought her husband's word of honour to be present, and the latter said, "Ma chère, you have kept me so short of money lately that I cannot guarantee to appear at the dinner unless you give me at once a cheque for two hundred thousand francs." So, doubtlessly, the Prince of Wales never learned to what a great expense his hostess had gone to entertain him. J. M.

An artistic pose by Kitty Lorenz, who is playing in the new Casino de Paris revue. She is appearing in a series of remarkable poses called "Visions"

ANOTHER HORRIBLE REVELATION!

BY FOUET

Our fishmonger in the heart of his family about to enjoy Tinned Salmon for supper

HEALTH FADS and HOLIDAYS

By
ROSEMARY

Illustrated by
HELEN McKIE

"'This,' he said, 'is a yellow sepulchre'"

You know the Health faddist? Meet his friend, the new Yes-man. Which, in case you aren't aware, is the name in America for the man who says Yes to a boss. What Mr. Ford is not, in fact, or Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Hoover or Lady Astor. The Yes-man has two feet on the ground; he spends his life taking orders from the man with two feet on the desk. But the sort we are thinking about just now can be a big boss but a miserable Yes-man when it comes to keeping his other foot out of the grave.

S

Nor that he probably has even one foot in so far. He's just afraid he might have one. This is an age of prevention, so they say. If you've had 'flu this year you must agree that at least it doesn't appear to be the age of "cure." And our Yes-man is out to prevent himself feeling ill. So he says Yes to every quack he meets—and genuinely pleased to meet *him* are they when they have their new patent medicine ready to hand. Even when they haven't anything to sell they like to come across him, and even if they aren't really quacks, but only faddists. For it pleases their vanity, and they like to watch their ready pupil obey their orders. How much his life becomes a burden to him, they don't of course much care.

S

For if you begin taking notice of them, where will you be? You mustn't stay indoors, because then you will be missing the direct action of the sunshine. Not but that the sun, except for a day or two running, hasn't rather given up this form of propaganda lately and taken to milder methods, just like the Socialism in our time. And if you go out . . . why, the deadly chemicals in this our London air are too awful. That's if you are just walking about and breathing. If you stop in a traffic block you may fall down any minute overcome by the poisonous fumes which come pouring out from the car exhausts.

"Restaurant cars don't care what is good for the figure"

S

And don't think you can escape by running down into the ozone atmosphere of the Underground. The noise here is most harmful. Only stopping your ears can save you from the deadly force of it. One Yes-man of my acquaintance tells me that this can be done by making ear-plugs of little bits of cotton wool. These can be adjusted, while remembering to stand on the right so that others may pass on the moving stair-case. The inconvenience that might arise from inability to hear cries of Fire or Mind Your Back is considered comparatively negligible.

S

Then food. This is the worst peril of all. Whether you eat it or not, you are bound to die some time, which just shows how it always gets you in the end. But there are ways and ways. You can choose whether to say Yes or No to the importunate Vitamin. If you say Yes, you can live on the whole alphabet, A, B, C *and* D, which means a lovely lot of nuts and bananas and brown bread. And means, too, that you will be safe from rickets and beri-beri, not to mention scurvy and lockjaw, all of which complaints you might otherwise easily get any minute. And very probably will, if you forget about A, B, C, *or* D, and live dangerously on whatever food the *chef* provides.

BEWARE before all things of tinned fruits. A doctor was lecturing only the other day on questions of health. He held up a tin of peaches. "This," he said, "is a yellow sepulchre. England is being canned to the detriment of her manhood." Against this we have only the testimony of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has it in one of his proverbs from "Daughters," that there are more old drunkards than old doctors. Perhaps, though, this one really was only referring to the peaches.

S

THE people I saw who, I think, most enjoyed their holiday this Easter were a party that had taken the week-end off from fads. There was a young man who had left all his pots from the chemist behind; an old man who was putting down as much port wine as he felt like, and letting the gout see *he* didn't care about *its* blackmail. While two girls who had given up their banting were eating meals with unaccustomed relish. This was the more remarkable because they were meals on the train. The railways in their restaurant cars don't care what is good for the figure, and if you don't like their food you can leave it. That is how it happened that the girl who intended to have a cup of coffee and a water biscuit for dinner got into the way of having a full course before the holiday had properly begun. And once started on the downward—or upward if you go by the weighing machine—path, she didn't care about stopping.

S

AND if the whole fun of a holiday isn't to do something different from the usual, what is? Take a rest from fads, if that is your usual trouble; take a holiday alone, if you are usually not so far as you would like from the madding crowd; try a crush, if you are more often alone than not. In search of all things, and for other reasons, there has been as thorough an exodus as ever to the holiday places this year. Paris and Le Touquet, of course. Though every season now we seem to be getting farther and farther afield. It was Madeira and Egypt for the winter; for this Easter it was more than ever for Florence and Rome, even when there was the bare week-end to do it in.

S

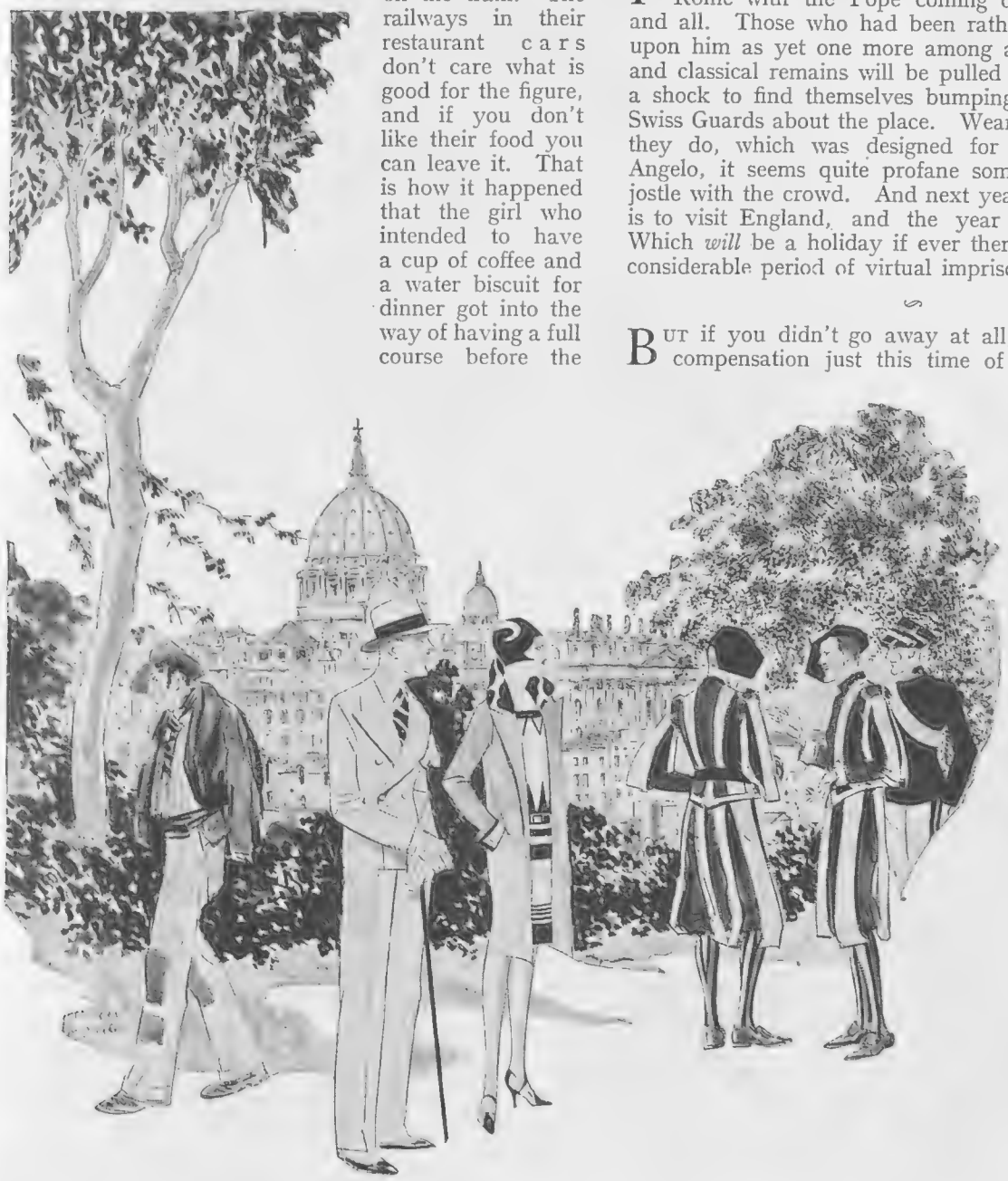
PERHAPS there was an added attraction this year in Rome with the Pope coming out of the Vatican and all. Those who had been rather inclined to look upon him as yet one more among ancient monuments and classical remains will be pulled up nowadays with a shock to find themselves bumping up against the Swiss Guards about the place. Wearing the uniform as they do, which was designed for them by Michael Angelo, it seems quite profane somehow for them to jostle with the crowd. And next year, they do say, he is to visit England, and the year after the States. Which *will* be a holiday if ever there was one, after a considerable period of virtual imprisonment.

S

BUT if you didn't go away at all, there was ample compensation just this time of year in being at home. April, with her yearly promise of the showers, seems to refresh London from the very first day she appears, while in the country she keeps faithfully every promise of Spring. It's in a poem of John Masefield's that he puts this Princess of the months among the best things of beauty, and I don't think he's wrong, do you?

"I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain."

ROSEMARY.



"There was an added attraction this year in Rome"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WHO ARE THE REAL PEOPLE?

By RALPH STRAUS

ONE day, some years ago, I introduced J. D. Beresford to H. G. Wells: they were both my guests at a club where "books" are more often made than written. All around us the odds were being laid, for there was an important race on that afternoon, but my guests were discussing rather different and more serious odds. They talked, as a matter of fact, about the new religion that might one day supersede Christianity as we know it to-day. (And, after they had gone, I remember being amused by the fact that only one man in the club had recognised the author of *Kipps*: he was one of the waiters.)

❋

SINCE then Mr. Wells has written more than one book about his own religious beliefs, and only a fortnight ago I was reading in one of the dailies three remarkable articles on this "new" religion, in which Mr. Beresford made his own views crystal-clear. Those views must command respect even in the minds of his bitterest opponents, and I, for one, hope that these articles will be reprinted in book form.

❋

MEANWHILE, there is more than a hint of them in his new novel *Real People* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which, without in any sense being propaganda, is at once a shrewd commentary on present-day social affairs and a suggestion for man's future spiritual development. A novel, then, with a serious idea in the background, but a joyful thing, written gaily, and highly entertaining; in my opinion, much the best of his later books.

❋

WHO are the "real" people? At the beginning of the story, when Dr. Moore's daughter, Joanna, is attempting to classify the people about her, the "real" ones are not those doubtlessly worthy folk who shape their lives according to generally accepted conventions, but those who are "spontaneous" and those who seek out a meaning of life that is their own.

❋

SO the snobbish Lady Robinson, whose height of bliss is to entertain a duke's family at her dinner-table, is not "real," and neither is Aunt Agnes with her "silly" ways. On the other hand, Dr. Moore and the rough and rude Michael Ross and Lord Robert and Lady Blanche—the much-written-about ducal twins—are "real," real, that is to say, to Joanna. She, poor dear, finds it difficult to choose between Michael and Robert, and therein lies the germ of a delicate romance which will delight everybody, even those who feel that Mr. Beresford might well have been content to tell only Joanna's own story.

SHE, indeed, marries a "real" man, and as love follows in the wake of publicity and a round of innocent enjoyments, all is well; but it is her father's story which allows Mr. Beresford to give a new significance to the word "real." The doctor is a fine fellow, hard-working, unselfish, clear-headed. But what is he to think when he finds himself queerly psychic—intuitively diagnosing, even foretelling the future? Unkind relations murmur the word "spooks," but that will not do. Inexplicable things do happen. Some people do have curious "powers," and, as Mr. Beresford knows, these "powers," rightly used, may bring happiness in their trail. And so, perhaps, in the future these lucky ones will be the really "real" people.

MISS HENRIETTA LESLIE
Whose new book "The Road to Damascus" is published by Jarrolds

❋

IT is a piquant suggestion. I can see people shaking their heads as they remember the miserable, ill-educated mediums who apparently share Dr. Moore's unusual and unsought-for gifts. I can picture them recalling all the nonsense that is supposed to "come through" from the other side. But Mr. Beresford is no spiritualist as the word is ordinarily used. He has a novel idea to present, and he presents it remarkably well. I enjoyed his book, and it left me thinking rather hard. And, apart altogether from its central idea, *Real People* is an extraordinarily good picture of present-day London life.

MR. BERESFORD'S people may or may not be "real," but they are undoubtedly true to life. I am less certain about some of those to be found in Henrietta Leslie's new book, *The Road to Damascus* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is the story of a super-magnate of commerce who remains the champion of Efficiency, and prospers, until a little human tragedy, for which his system has been directly responsible, is brought to his notice.

❋

IN the world's eyes Paul Cardinal is a splendid man. He has "made" the family business. He looks after his workmen so well that they never "strike." He is always ready to entertain new ideas. And if of necessity he is ruthless towards those who interfere with the System, everybody knows that without it unemployment, and consequently unhappiness, will increase. He is, therefore, a public benefactor. It may be that he is helping things to become even more standardised than they are to-day, but Joanna Moore, I suppose, would have called him "real." And he is not inhuman. He loves his daughter, and at fifty he falls in love with a thoroughly efficient woman who has introduced herself to him in a thoroughly efficient way.

❋

AND everything goes right for him until his secretary, who has never told him that she is married—Efficiency demands secretarial singleness in women—is going to have a baby. Paul discovers that her husband has been "ruined" by his System. The baby dies. Ruthlessness disappears. There is only one thing to be done. The System must be scrapped, and scrapped it duly is in the last chapter.

❋

THE world looks upon Paul as a madman, but perhaps only now he is satisfying Mr. Beresford's idea of "real." The trouble is that one finds it a little difficult to believe in him. Miss Leslie writes in that rather staccato fashion which, though it can be most vivid, is sometimes irritating. There are shrewd things in her book, and some jolly portraits. I do not know exactly why I found myself skipping, unless it be that these magnates in novels are all so queerly alike. One certainly seems to have read Paul's story many times before.

❋

SIR MICHAEL BRUCE'S slice of autobiography is unconventional enough. In *Sails and Saddles* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*) he tells us how he became a policeman in Rhodesia at seventeen and killed his man—a messy business—and how he became soldier, sailor, cowboy, journalist, and—a little oddly, perhaps—schoolmaster. Subsequently he tried his hand at big game hunting,

(*Continued on page 42*)

Call together—All together

BASS!

Bass—because it's brewed at Burton—as beer should be brewed. Bass—because of its clean, honest bitterness. Bass—because of its amber clearness. Bass—because it carries on the proud tradition of good English ale. Once again then—all together—*BASS!*

Great Stuff—this Bass!

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 40)

exploring on the Andes and along the Amazon, and acting for the films.

❋

HE is quite frank about himself, and fairly frank about other people. He seems to have drunk far too much very frequently indeed and found himself in water that was near to boiling point on more than a single occasion. The queerest thing about him is his apparent inability to escape serious injury. When he was not being shot at or breaking a limb, motor cars would attempt to squash him to a jelly or he would be taking a passive part in an explosion.

❋

I PRESUME that so vagabondish a man will not be content to spend the rest of his days at an office desk, and so there should be another slice of autobiography to follow. In this book he is always sprightly and entertaining, and sometimes most uncomfortably direct. R. S.

AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

Entanglements are very interesting, as the unexpected invariably happens to clear things up, and this, we are told, comes about in Olive Wadsley's new novel of that name just published at Cassells.

❋

A chance of £2,000! This is the amount of money George G. Harrap and Company are offering for the best full length novel written in English submitted before January 15, 1930, and accepted for their Prize Novel Competition. The publishers will be pleased to supply full particulars to budding geniuses.

Porgy, the negro folk-play which had such astounding success in New York, and is shortly to be seen on the London stage, has just been published in book form by Benns. The authors are Dorothy Heyward and Du Bose Heyward.

MR. J. D. BERESFORD
Whose latest book "Real People" is discussed on these pages

Among the authors contributing to *The Best Detective Stories of 1928* are such masters of the art as Phillips Oppenheim, Baroness Orczy, Denis Mackail, and Marie Belloc Lowndes, so that this annual will probably take a permanent place in the hearts of lovers of mystery stories. It is edited by Father Ronald Knox and H. Harrington, and will be published by Faber and Gwyer on April 12.

❋

We expect fire and energy from a man like Mussolini, and shall probably get it in his book called *The Cardinal's Mistress*. It is said by the publishers to be an absorbing story—written when the author was an obscure and unrecognised journalist—of the fascinating but decadent society of the 17th century Italy. To be published by Cassells shortly.

❋

All Sorts of People will be interested in the book of this title because it sounds intriguing. It is written by Miss Gladys Storey, the daughter of a well-known R.A., and gives, we are told, her impressions of eminent and popular people, chiefly in the artistic, literary, and theatrical world of yesterday and to-day, with illustrations by famous artists. To be published by Methuens on April 11.

❋

The first two volumes of the Lonsdale Library of Sport have just been published by Seeley Service and Company. The first is *Trout Fishing From All Angles*, by Eric Traverner, with a chapter on trout scales by Mr. G. Herbert Nall, and the legal aspect of fishing by Mr. Alban Bacon, with two hundred and fifty illustrations.

❋

The second volume is *The Way of a Man with a Horse*, by Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Brooke, D.S.O., M.C., with over ninety illustrations. The price of each volume is twenty-one shillings. The volumes include a foreword by Lord Lonsdale, the editor of the set. Without doubt these volumes will find their way into every sportsman's library.

The WHITEHEAD CONVENTIONS

By "ACES EASY"

ONE of the great stars in the Bridge firmament is Mr. Wilbur C. Whitehead, the writer of *Auction Bridge Standards*, and now of *Contract Bridge Standards*. As an author and as a player, one removes both hat and boots on approaching the presence. As the inventor of a negative double and the developer of many doubling conventions, one bends low from the waist. And now, having paid tribute to a man whose work I admire intensely, I am going to take one or two of the theories he sets forth in his *Contract Bridge Standards* (Gollancz: 3s. 6d. net) and try to explain their use and, greatly daring, to disagree with them.

❋

IN the first place, Mr. Whitehead has an arbitrary and peculiar use of the two bid. He calls two originally (as I do) to show a larger hand than is shown by a bid of three: that is conventional and commonsensical, as, if you are going to play for slams, you want to use the lowest bid you can employ to do so. But while my bid of two is always playable—I want a solid or almost solid suit, with three quick tricks in hand at least—Mr. Whitehead will bid two initially on a four-card suit.

❋

ACCORDING to Mr. Whitehead, four of one suit to ace, four of another to king-queen, a singleton of the third, and four of the fourth to ace-queen-jack is a bid of two in the fourth suit. A two-suiter with tops in both suits is a bid of two in the stronger. Ace-king-jack to five with an ace-queen and a king-jack is a bid of two. In addition to these, six to four honours with two ace-jack suits and a chicane is a two bid.

❋

I AM the last man at the card table to ask for rigidity and to deprecate elasticity at Bridge of any type, but I question (with all due reverence) whether a hand suitable for a negative double of an uncalled suit, a two-suiter, a powerful five-card major and a six-card suit with two quick tricks outside should all be called in the same way. I call the six-card suit hand the only genuine two bid of the lot.

❋

MR. WHITEHEAD makes out a good case for his two bids: his hands are classics of analysis of pattern, symmetry, comparison and play, but his bidding (on occasion only) gives me more or less heart failure. For example, my partner, opening with two of a major in which I hold but two small cards, rubbish only in two other suits, and ace-jack-ten to four of a minor, I am sorely tempted to push him to three of his suit—the courtesy raise. Not so Mr. Whitehead: he calls three of the minor, finds his partner with a two-suiter, the second suit being his own minor, gets into a game contract, and waltzes off with the cigars.

LOVELY—but what happens if your minor "denial" does not find a two-suiter that fits? The original two bidder must try something else—three of the original suit, or a second suit, or no trumps.

❋

THIS is Mr. Whitehead's bid of two—a call which *must* be assisted on normal trump support and a quick trick and a half; or denied on a hand holding one and a half quick tricks and no average support. *My* bid of two can be assisted without average support on outside cards alone. That is why I call two. The advantages I claim are twofold: (*a*) my partner is not compelled to bid on a bad hand; (*b*) if my partner has a bust I am prepared to play my contract. I doubt if even Mr. Whitehead would like to play a call of two spades on spades A-Q-10-x, hearts K-Q-J-x, diamonds x-x, clubs A-K-x, with a Yarborough holding two small spades opposite him.

❋

THERE is a convention that one should never query in print the *dicta* of other writers, but I feel that these conventions may well be adopted by many players on the strength of their very strong recommendation, and I want both to acquaint my readers with them and to warn them of the dangers which, in my opinion, *certain* of Mr. Whitehead's bids involve.

At AINTREE and LINCOLN

Pacific and Atlantic

The Grand National field at the starting gate, showing some of the record number of sixty-six starters. The race was won by Gregalach, a 100 to 1 outsider

RACING HINTS

These are not selections for certain races; the horses named below were soundly backed in the ring at Lincoln during the first week of the flat racing season, and their names should be carefully registered. Watch for their appearance in public and wager on the follow-up system.

FORAGE

(Br. G., by Bucks Hussar—Fulalia). Owner, Lord Derby. Trainer, Butters. Carried 8st. 1lb., and was always favourite for the Batthyanmy Plate (five furlongs). Finished seventh. Will pay to follow. Ran as a two-year-old last year in nine races, winning twice early in the season; placed six times.

HIGH SPRAY

(By Kwang-Su—Fountain Lily). Owner, Mrs. F. Gilbert. Trainer, Coldbeck.

Finished seventh in a big field for the Doddington Selling Plate (one mile and a quarter). Carried 7st. 4lb. There was a strong commission for him, and he started favourite in a big field. Had five outings last season and was fourth on one occasion. He will be backed again.

GOLDEN WHEAT

(B. C., by Corn Kale—Golden Heart). Owner, Mr. A. E. McKinlay. Trainer, Elsey.

Made debut in Brocklesby Stakes, and was heavily supported at 100 to 14 down to 5 to 1, but could only finish second to No Fear. Keep an eye on this colt at the Northern meetings.

LYRA

(Ch. F., by Pelops—Quartette). Owner, Mr. A. Bassett. Trainer, Hammond.

Was confidently supported to win the Elsham Plate (seven furlongs), and was second, a length behind Rose Cottage. Started favourite, being backed from 7 to 1 down to 100 to 30. Should be an early winner. Was twice placed in twelve races last year.

Topical

Gregalach (V. R. Everett up) returning to scale after winning the Grand National

GARTLY

(Br. G., by Star and Garter—Bellegarde). Owner, Mr. H. Dyke Dennis. Trainer, Barthropp. Ran a strong race and finished third in the Northern Welter Plate (one mile and three-quarters). Carried 8st. 2lb., was a hot favourite in a field of twelve runners. Support him every time out. Only four races last year and on one occasion finished second.

FIRST FLIGHT

(Br. C., by Courageous—Florazie). Owner, Lady Scarbrough. Trainer, F. Leader. There was late "Blower" money for this four-year-old in the Hainton Plate (one mile and a half), but he could not gain place honours. He won two good races last year, and is expected to earn winning brackets in the near future.

Central Press

A view of the new starting gate on the course at Lincoln. It has been ordered by the Jockey Club to be used on all courses for the prevention of flying starts

An ECHO of the BYSTANDER GOLF TROPHY

A view of the tenth green at Wentworth during the play for "The Bystander" Trophy on March 20. Abe Mitchell is seen putting, and his partner, Miss Horsfield, is seen in the right-hand corner of the photograph

Miss Marjorie White and George Gadd, of Roehampton, who were one of the runners-up. They returned a score of 156

WHEN we consider that ladies' golf as a distinct game is little more than thirty-five years old, the growth of the sport among the fair sex since the War has been amazing, and some of its younger devotees have shown a remarkable *flair* for this puzzling and temperamental pastime. To instance but one of the many cases which were to be found at Wentworth on the occasion of THE BYSTANDER competition, Miss N. Proud is, at the age of sixteen, a golfing girl of unusual promise, and she will have to be considered when the Girls' Championship comes round. Ockenden tells me that Miss Proud has played the game from early childhood and, living on the borders of her home course, has served her probation in exceptionally favourable circumstances.

MISS HORSFIELD, who successfully partnered Abe Mitchell for the second time, bears a slight resemblance to Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, who won our Ladies' Championship two years ago, and it is not improbable that similar honours will come her way, for she has the "big match" temperament. To keep her head in the concluding stages of this competition, when the slightest mistake would have meant disaster, and after having made several errors at the beginning of the afternoon round, was a fine performance.

Photographs Sport and General

"The Bystander" £500 Trophy. This the seventh year in which it has been contested for saw a record number of entries, and the competition proved an unqualified success

The winners, Abe Mitchell and Miss Horsfield, of Verulam, with "The Bystander" cups they won again this year

Mr. Pickwick "Phiz" & GUINNESS

Sam Weller composing His Valentine

"Phiz" knew the popularity of Guinness in his day, even if his spelling was unorthodox. So he put "Guiness" right in the middle of this famous contemporary illustration to Pickwick.

And indeed Guinness is part of English literature, part of English history, part of the history of the health and happiness of the race. Its merits have been proved by many generations, and in our time as many as ten million glasses of Guinness have been sold in a single day.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.16.

MOTOR NOTES

SHORT CUTS in TOWN

By E. M. WRIGHT

IF you drive much in Town it pays to know the short cuts. Suppose you have the car at a shop in Baker Street and want to go to the club in Pall Mall or park it in St. James's Square. No one in his senses would think of going to Selfridge's corner at Orchard Street, down Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Haymarket to get to Pall Mall.

***

THE route is to leave Baker Street before Portman Square, go through Manchester Square into Duke Street, cross Oxford Street into Grosvenor Square, go through Berkeley Square and Berkeley Street, turn left into Piccadilly at the bottom of Berkeley Street, and immediately right into St. James's Street, at the bottom of which is Pall Mall, and there you are—by a route which touches 'bus-ridden roads for only about fifty yards. There are only three spots at which you can be held up for any time, which is almost a record for any trans-West End journey of that length.

***

OR again, the way to Euston from the region of Parliament Square is not via Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, and Tottenham Court Road, although that way may be the shortest in point of distance by a few hundred yards.

***

FAR better is it to slip on to the Embankment at Westminster Bridge just by the Houses of Parliament and spin along in comfort to the bottom of Norfolk or Arundel Streets, cross the Strand and go up Kingsway. Just lately, with the gas explosion area so near by, there is a serious block at the junction of Kingsway and Holborn which may grow worse as time goes on, but personally I have found it less of a delay than any other way of crossing the east to west artery, and once across Theobald's Road the way to Euston is straight and clear of obstruction.

***

AGAIN, take the journey from the Paddington district to Clerkenwell. By the two main routes, Oxford Street and Theobald's Road, or Marylebone Road and Gray's Inn Road, it can be one of the slowest and most nerve-racking known to the Londoner; but slip into Upper George Street and with a little left and right where it joins High Street, Marylebone, one is shortly in New Cavendish Street. Continue across Portland Place into Tottenham Court Road, turn right, and left about fifty yards down into Francis Street, and this gives you a route which carries you straight to Gray's Inn Road, within a hundred or two hundred yards of the Theobald's Road crossing with hardly a hold-up anywhere *en route*.

***

I SHALL never forget a personal experience which showed me how quick this route for reaching King's Cross, Euston, or St. Pancras from anywhere in the W.1 or W.2 area could be. From a flat near Portman Square I had taken some people to King's Cross, which we reached twenty minutes before the train was due to leave, only to find that the wherewithal for fares, etc., had been left behind. I had to nip back—in a stolid 20 h.p. saloon—to Portman Square, collect the doings, and when I arrived back at King's Cross there were still five minutes in which to spend them at the box office. This back street route business can be made into a fascinating hobby, in which case one can buy a map or two for the purpose and follow it out conscientiously. But a short cut to learning short cuts is to take a taxi first and note carefully how the driver does it.

AN A.A. SAFETY POST

One of the Automobile Association's new safety posts approved by the Minister of Transport, which may be acquired and erected by highway authorities. The safety posts result from extensive experiments carried out by the A.A. and are patented

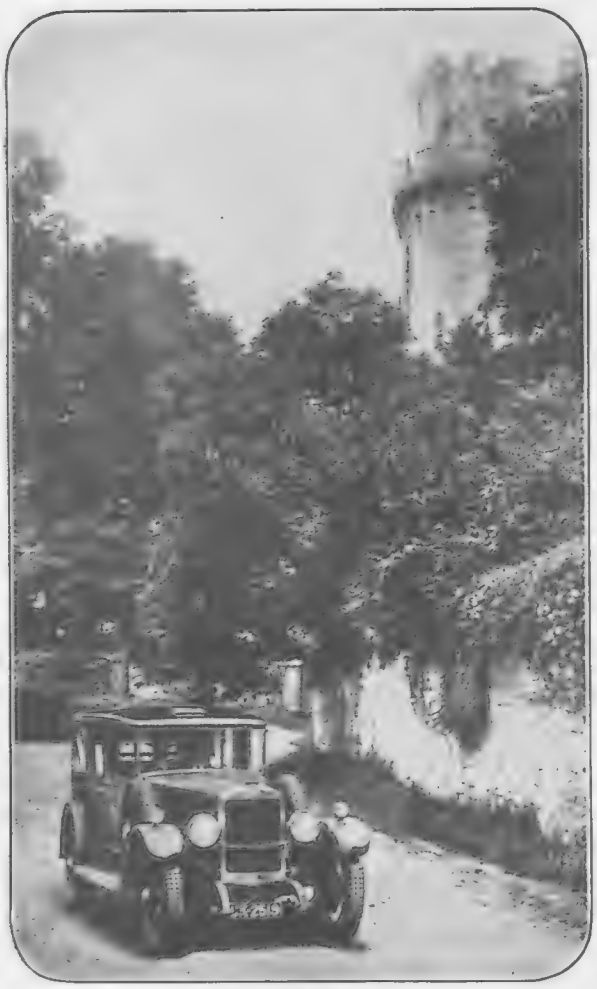
***

THE science of back-street travel is producing a network of new ways about Town, some of them so well known now that you might almost call them standard relief routes. It has also, however, produced some very dangerous crossings, where one relief route intersects another. It is high time that the "high heid yins" of Scotland Yard looked into the matter from the point of view of safety. Take the crossings in Eaton Square, Belgravia. This is the intersection of the route which runs straight from Sloane Square to Grosvenor Gardens, starting in Cleveden Place, and finishing in Hobart Place and is a very useful relief route for Sloane Street and Knightsbridge on the north and Buckingham Palace Road on the south. Intersecting it, however, are several short cuts from Hyde Park Corner to the Pimlico district and Chelsea Bridge beyond, which, again, leads to the best relief route for traffic going far south of the river.

***

HENCE a succession of four quite busy crossings—two of them extremely dangerous—has arisen in Eaton Square, and one motorist who frequently passes them says that he loses a handful of hair each time. It is high time that a policeman was put on point duty at at least one of these crossings. If the argument of the authorities is that constables cannot be spared, how is it—one might well ask—that two of them can be spared to hang about parking places, such as that in Waterloo Place, to catch motorists who overstay the time limit? It is true that catching a motorist who overstays the time

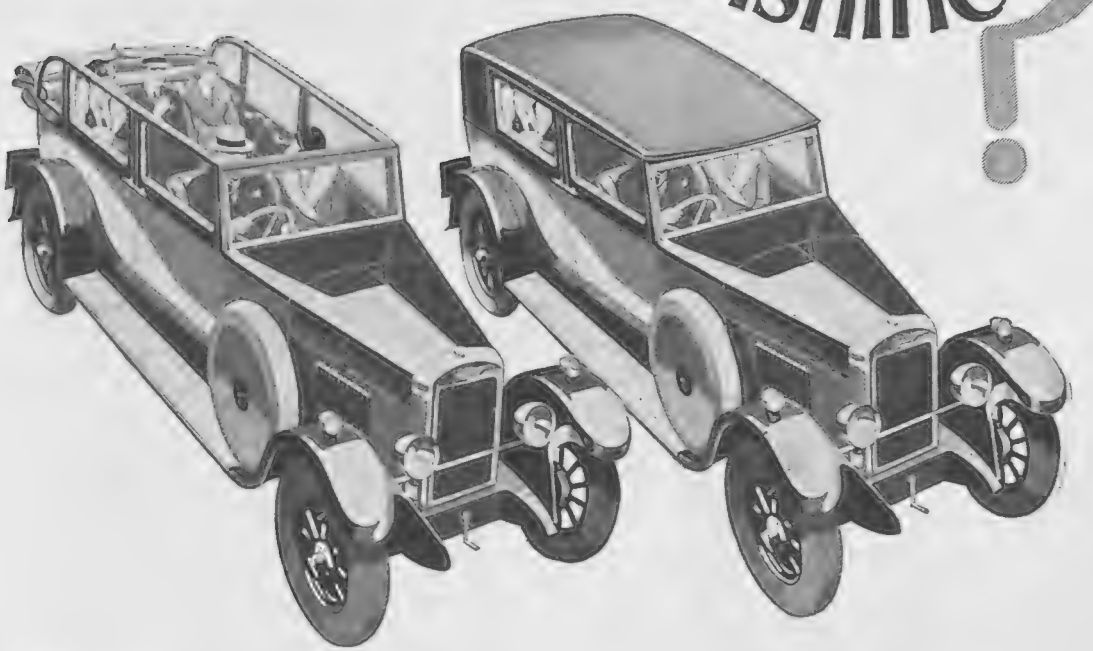
(Continued on page 48)



IN LEAFY WARWICKSHIRE

A 35 h.p. eight-cylinder Sunbeam car in Mill Street, Warwick. The historic old castle is seen in the background

but why shut out the sunshine?



A saloon car is the best in the Winter, but an open car is nice in the Summer. There is no need to deny yourself the health and pleasure of sunshine when it is here to enjoy. This SINGER SUNSHINE SALOON is ideal *whatever the weather*—open or closed in a moment, merely by turning a handle. The collapsible roof winds up or down and locks itself in position. No need to stop or get out. Adjustable glass windows are identical in appearance to a saloon. As smart a car as you could ever see.

Order a SINGER SUNSHINE SALOON and enjoy motoring to the full. The JUNIOR Model costs £175 complete with four-wheel brakes and Newton hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers. The SENIOR Model costs £270 with Triplex glass wind-screen, untarnishable chromium plating and Dewandre vacuum servo brakes. The SIX Model costs £350 with Triplex glass all round and one-shot central lubrication. Separate Booklets describing each Model, post free from: SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: 202, Great Portland Street, W.1.

SUNSHINE SINGER SALOON

H.P.

MOTOR NOTES *(continued from page 46)*

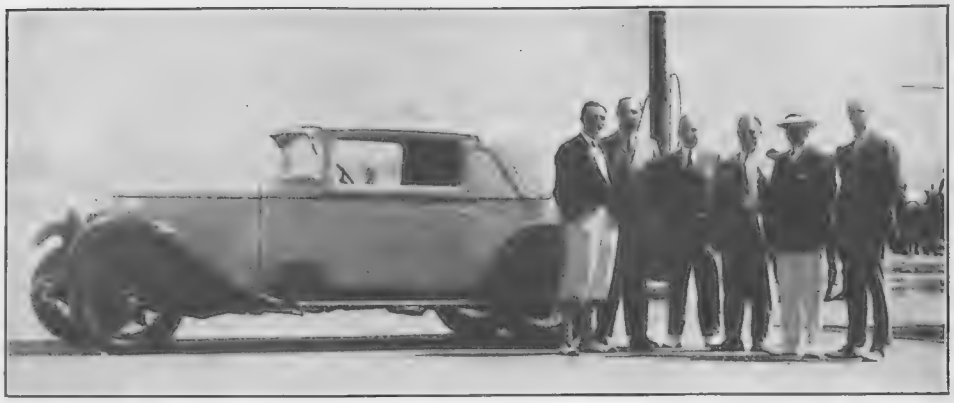
limit by half an hour or so means a certain conviction for the lucky and ambitious constable concerned, but is it right of the authorities to encourage that kind of police work when there are danger spots, such as that in Eaton Square, left to look after themselves?

***

For years people have been asking why motoring bodies, surveyors' associations, and the Government departments concerned did not get together, pool the information they had on the subject, and decide on what was the best specification for an asphalt road, so as to put an end to the scandal of roads being laid so dead smooth that they are death-traps after the slightest fall of rain. Now the conference has taken place, and the publication of a booklet, "British Standard Specifications for Asphalt Road Surfacing," which has just been issued, is the result of the deliberations of every conceivable body interested in the subject.

***

And in the book, on page 9 of the very first specification, I find the following significant sentence: "With a view to providing a roughened surface, the asphalt after initial compression, and while still warm and in a plastic condition, shall be covered with a layer of approved, clean, hard ½in. or ¾in. gauge chippings . . ." which, it continues "shall then be rolled or otherwise pressed into the asphalt, so as to project above the surface." This, if it is enforced, means the end of death-trap roads. And there is no reason why it should not be enforced; the Ministry of Transport has the power.



AT DAYTONA

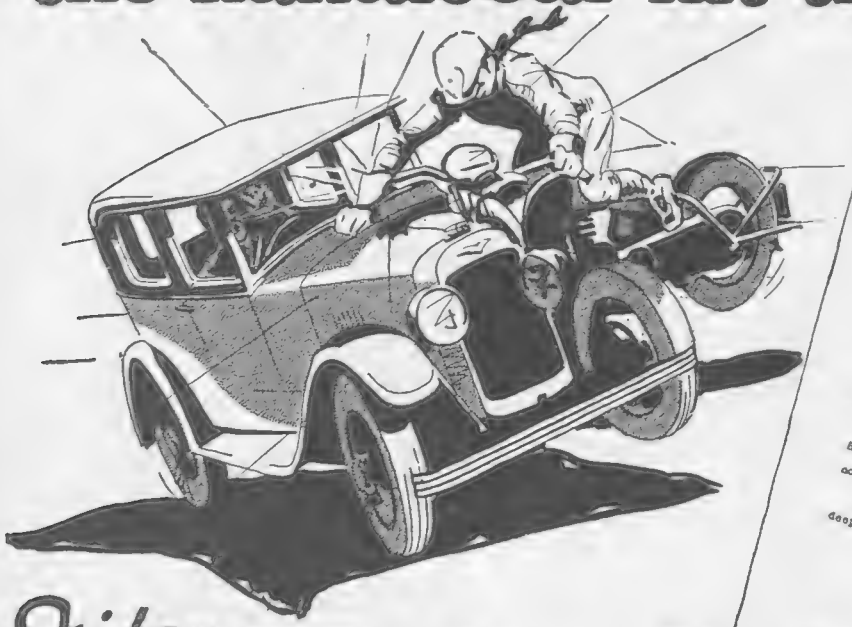
A photograph taken on Daytona Beach when the poles that marked the measured mile were being erected prior to Major Segrave's record-breaking run. The group seen standing by the new model Hillman Straight Eight shows Capt. Irving (left), Lord Brecknock, Mr. W. E. Roote, Mr. Warwick Wright, Mr. G. F. Heath, and Major H. O. D. Segrave

I am glad to see from a recent news item that the Ministry has circulated a letter to the road authorities saying that "those who desire to avail themselves of Road Fund grants will be expected to adopt these methods." Asphalt, I may explain, means aggregate (i.e. stone and/or sand of whatever gauge is chosen) bound with bitumen. Of the latter there are three kinds, the commonest being residual bitumen. The feature of the asphalt road is its extreme hardness and immunity from softening or "bleeding" in hot weather.

***

Since the age of motoring in this country we have had several good snowfalls and frosts, and I wonder that more motorists have not seen the possibilities of skijöring by car. The Darracq people tell me of a user of their cars in Newfoundland who has had great fun in this direction during the winter. In the first place, the car itself is light, compared with most of the American vehicles that are popular in that part of the world, and rides over snow that "lets down" heavier cars. This particular owner uses chains, and with a suitable radiator muff and a glycerine mixture in the circulation system he has become a confirmed all-the-year-round motorist. But it is not only for business that he uses the car. Being able to ride over frozen snow, he has great sport hauling a passenger on skis behind the car. In a flat field devoid of obstacles he can get up a great pace and execute turns that keep the skier fully occupied. E. M. W.

"the handlebar hit the windscreen"



THE ELECTRIC PRINTING CO.

8 PARK GROVE.
CARDIFF.
20th December 1928.

The Managing Director,
Messrs. The Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd,
LONDON W.1

Dear Sir,

I feel I owe you very sincere thanks for "Triplex," as I consider I was saved severe injury, and perhaps eyesight, through having a "triplex" Windscreen on my Austin "7" Saloon.

I had a serious accident a few weeks ago, in collision with a motor-cycle, which mounted the side of the Bonnet, the handle-bar hitting the Windscreen.

I escaped scot-free, and the cyclist, although taken to Hospital, escaped serious injury, both facts being largely due to no damage being done by fragments of broken glass.

You can make what use you like of this letter, as I feel deeply indebted to your Firm

Yours faithfully,

R. J. Robinson.

Fit "TriplEX" Reg'd. —and be safe!

Make sure it's TRIPLEX; look for the three X's in a circle; this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Safety Glass.

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WAKEFIELD RECOMMENDATION SERIES No. 6 *Watch for your Car!*

The Manufacturers of

HILLMAN CARS RECOMMEND WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD
COVENTRY
ESTABLISHED 1907

Messrs. C.C.Wakefield & Co.,Ltd., 21st February 1929.
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

As you are aware, it is our policy to give the motorist what he wants, and not merely what we think he ought to have. The rapidly increasing demand for the Hillman car is proof of the wisdom of our practice, and it is this demand that enables the Hillman to be sold at prices from £295.

As its sturdy design renders the Hillman as suitable for use Overseas as at Home, we are glad to know that Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oil, which we recommend for Hillman lubrication, is on sale in all countries where roads exist. It gives us pleasure to add our confidence in the quality of your product, and we wish you continued success.

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Yours faithfully,

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THE SERVICES AT TWICKENHAM

Prince George greeting the Army team before the match in which they beat the Royal Navy by 17 points to 11

Photographs *Sport and General*

An incident during the match when the Army threequarter Second-Lieut. A. L. Novis was brought down by Lieut. W. H. Wood. The game was one of the hardest Inter-Service matches that has been seen at Twickenham

PERFIDE ALBION AT PLAY

By PENDARVES

ALTHOUGH all her international games are matters of intense excitement to France, the one against us is, *nom de Dieu!* the greatest thrill of all. And when, as this year, the scene is set just outside Paris, and on Easter Monday—*alors, c'est une affaire formidable!* It is very instructive to an Englishman to watch the mental atmosphere rising to boiling point on this day of drama. Our chaps come over to play, a bit fed up with Rugger: having crossed the Rubicon of all the other great fixtures: a little inclined to staleness, having played since last October: not really caring frightfully about the issue: some of them a shade fine drawn since that Murrayfield ordeal. And they find when they get to Colombes that the world is on the point of going crazy—or so it seems. All the animal magnetism of the French nation is here vividly portrayed. Every man, and most of the women, are holding their excitement in check only by what appears to be a superhuman effort. Dear, dear! what is it all about?

S

AT all the British international matches the spectator, whether he has witnessed a big Rugger match before or not, has the strong feeling, if he stops to think a moment (which he probably does not), that this at least is a thoroughly well-regulated occasion; and that every one of all these expectant thousands will at least behave according to British sporting traditions. And all is well.

S

NOW you don't get that at a French international match in France, especially when *Perfide Albion* has come over to play. There is an excitement in the air of a rather sinister kind. Having lived among the French and played Rugger with them, I personally view all these *posses* of mounted *gendarmerie*, these groups of *agents*, this bellicose chattering and war fever with anything but equanimity. There is an ugly tang in the air. This ugliness is increasing among the collected thousands. And Rugger is responsible. That is definitely a bad thing, for the people as for the game.

S

THERE will be no pleasure to England and no honour to France in the meeting of the countries between touchlines until France's players and her spectators succeed in suppressing that volatile temperament, which can only be gravely harmful to the best playing of this strenuous game.

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"If you'll buy me those pearls, dearest, I'll wear them at once, and then you won't have to carry them"

FLYING NOTES

HELPING THE AIR TOURIST

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

"25 Years of Flying"

THIS book gives an account of most of the principal events in aviation's short history. Having met and discussed the future of flying with the Wright Brothers in the early days, Mr. Harry Harper is well qualified to write on such a subject, with which he has been intimately associated ever since. Those who are interested in flying will find that this book, written in narrative form and profusely illustrated, is a most readable volume and one which they ought to possess. "The Great Trans-Pacific Flight," by Squadron-Leader Kingsford Smith and Flight-Lieut. Ulm, deals with one of the greatest events in the history of aviation—the crossing of the Pacific from San Francisco to Australia—which was accomplished last year. This book is of particular interest, as it illustrates the difficulties which beset the pioneer in raising funds for his venture, and it also emphasises the great value of wireless, without which the flight itself would have been scarcely possible.

Service for Air Tourists

MEMBERS of the Automobile Association who are private owners, and others making private flights abroad, can receive from that organisation the same kind of assistance which is supplied for motor tours. A special department has been created to deal with such things as triptyques and Customs regulations, whilst the selection of the route for any particular tour has already been thought out. Stock maps can even be obtained for several of the great air routes from London to various parts of Europe, and in time a complete lending library will be created, from which members can take out a map for their holiday, much in the same way as one takes out a book to read. Capt. Rattray, the private owner who made such a successful flight to the Gold Coast after very little flying experience, used maps prepared by the A.A.

Air Navigation

CLUB members who want to be well up in this important branch of flying might like to know that, in addition to the Air Ministry and the Aviation Insurance Group, who have arranged special classes at various towns, there are several retired naval officers who have undertaken such work. Lieut.-Commander Kinnersley Smith, who was compass officer at Croydon, and Lieut.-Commander Dixon will be glad to assist any private owners who are thinking of flying abroad; their headquarters are at Paignton.

POPULAR FLYING

A novel way of spending a holiday was tried by Mr. and Mrs. Barker, who flew from London to Edinburgh in their Moth. The 'plane is seen filling up at the up-to-date petrol station at Scremerston, two miles from Berwick-on-Tweed

Club Notes

THE London Club finds itself again without a chief instructor, Flight-Lieut. Baker having resigned to join Messrs. Norman and Muntz, who will shortly be starting active flying at the new Heston Aerodrome. The Cambridge Club, which is a branch of the Suffolk and Eastern Counties, expects to open its doors for a great rush of members immediately after their Easter Display. Undergraduates are allowed to join, with the permission of their parents and tutors, which in itself is a healthy sign of the times, showing that flying has come to be regarded as a normal sport which is not out of bounds.

Coming Events

THE Bristol and Wessex have arranged for the competition in connection with the Desprez Challenge Cup to take place at Filton Aerodrome on Sunday, May 26. Entries are confined to private owners and members of clubs on club machines, hospitality being offered to a limited number of competitors, who give at least a week's notice. There are no entrance fees, but those intending to compete should advise the secretary in advance, and not rely on looping into position a day or two beforehand. As the competition includes performing an evolution in the air, chosen by the competitors themselves, there is great scope for a comic turn.

In Scotland

THE Scottish Flying Club, which has made aviation pay in the ball-room as well as on the tarmac, is holding the last of its season's dances at the Plaza, Glasgow, on May 23, and all who have had experience of their earlier dances know what jolly affairs they are. Visitors from other clubs will find plenty of accommodation at Renfrew if the fog allows them to arrive by air. The Northamptonshire Club, of which the Right Hon. Earl Spencer is president, is holding a pageant on Tuesday after Whitsun; details will be published later on.

FLYING FOR POLITICIANS

Sir Philip Richardson, M.P., the well-known shipowner, who represents the Chertsey Division in the Conservative interests, has taken up flying in his sixty-fifth year. He is seen entering his 'plane at Brooklands for an instructional flight

FASHION'S FANCIES

THE INFLUENCE OF COLOUR

A beautiful window treatment by Williamson and Cole. Blue, jade, and fuchsia shades predominate, with touches of gold on the pelmet and in the sunflower and wistaria cretonne

Silks in Subtle Hues

JUST as once in a decade a great man moulds the destiny of his country, so from time to time, a new discovery in fabrics revolutionises the world of Fashion. Artificial silk has opened up wonderful possibilities in the realms of dress and of interior decoration. The value of glowing colours is now generally appreciated, for it is realised that one is unconsciously influenced by them. They can safely be indulged in when artificial silk is used, for it can be obtained in unfadable hues, and it remains unsoiled for a surprisingly long time.

Beautiful Windows

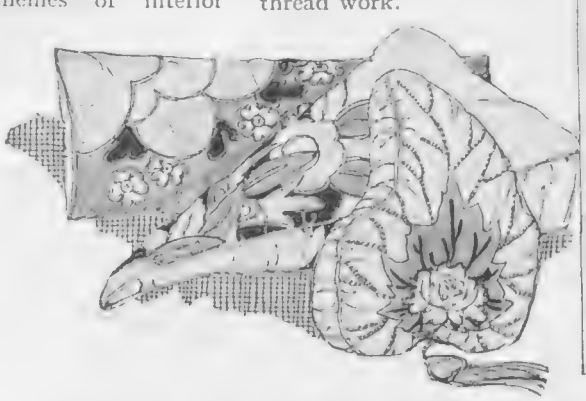
THE clever treatment of windows is one of the most important secrets of successful schemes of interior decoration. It is an art which has been thoroughly mastered by Williamson and Cole, of High Street, Clapham, who are responsible for the arrangement which has been sketched in at the head of this page. The long curtains are of fadeless Mulgrave, a shot artificial silk in tones of jade and blue, the gold-trimmed fuchsia dado and pelmet forming a happy contrast. The *appliquéd* flowers catch up the various nuances of these colours, and so should the short curtains of Marquise artificial silk. The price of both these fabrics, which are 50 inches wide, is 4s. 6d. a yard. A gay cretonne over which riots sunflowers and wistaria is used for the window seat and the inviting chair. This costs 6s. 11d. a yard, and is also 50 inches wide. In the smaller sketch are three down-filled cushions. The leaf-shaped one is available for 75s.; the one like a wedge for 65s. 6d.; and a 23-inch square one for 59s. 6d. All are in artificial silk with *appliquéd* designs in most artistically blended colours.

An Amusing Suit

IT is not always easy for a girl to regulate wisely the apportionment of her dress allowance when first she has control over it, especially if it is not a very large one. Yet clothes she must have for the numerous important social events of the season, and they must be good ones. It is therefore a great advantage to know that Corot, of 8, New Bond Street, realising that these difficulties do exist, makes it possible for women to buy beautiful clothes in her Salon, and to pay for them on terms that can be arranged beforehand. Illustrated at the foot of this page is a black three-piece suit in French novelty fabric. The sleeveless beige jumper has raised dots all over it, and a flat bow decorates the front. Another very ingenious one is placed at the back of the upstanding collar of the coat, which is faced with beige. It costs 7½ guineas.

An Interesting Fashion Parade

AT the Spring Fashion Parade which was presented by Lady Eleanor Smith in the new "Salon des Mannequins" at Gooch's, of Knightsbridge, some really admirable *ensembles* were shown. A lovely putty-coloured coat by Bechoff was trimmed in a novel manner with narrow rows of Pahami fur. It was placed on the huge Medici collar, forming a deep oval at the back, on the flared bell sleeves, and in three rows round the hem. A short cape edged with fur was a feature of a black silk coat. When the mannequin first appeared the fur was arranged round her neck like an ordinary roll collar, and loose fabric forming wide revers. Another *ensemble* consisted of a red and black figured *crêpe de Chine* dress with a flared black coat, which was intersected with rows of drawn-thread work.



Three delightful cushions from Williamson & Cole, including one that is wedge-shaped and another like a leaf. They are of artificial silk with appliquéd *designs in glowing colours*

The bow at the back of the upstanding collar adds an air of piquancy to this little black and beige suit, which comes from Corot

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PARIS FAVOURS FUR-TRIMMED WRAPS

LUCIEN LELONG makes this afternoon ensemble in nattier blue Maurelia crêpe. The debonair coat has a short cape which faithfully follows the hemline, and it is enriched with beige carucal fur. The hat comes from Maria Guy, and shows that simplicity is the keynote of Spring headgear

"VERTIGE" is the name of this gorgeous evening coat, which is sponsored by Redfern. It is of rose lamé embroidered in pearls, and the appliquèd pattern combines all the colours of the rainbow. White fox flatteringly frames the head and borders the very graceful sleeves

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A beautiful Georgian design on a cream ground only. *As illustrated.* Excellent for Loose Covers. Hamptons' No. K.2968. 31 ins. wide. per yard, **4/6**

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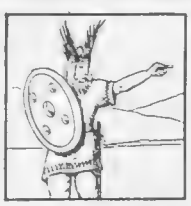

There is no more agreeable, amusing or diversified holiday than a P. & O. Cruise. Games, music, dancing, beneath starry skies or sunny; visits ashore; rest for those who want it; beautifully appointed saloons; excellent table and service and unrivalled *personnel* in all departments

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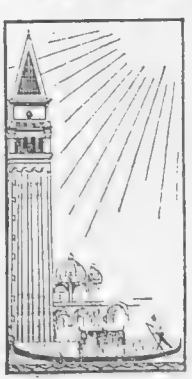

ensure in the P. & O. Cruising Steamers the greatest enjoyment that sea travel can offer. Fifteen delightful cruises will be made this year between May and October to the Mediterranean, Norway and the Baltic by the new †S.S. Viceroy of India; ‡S.S. Ranchi or S.S. Ranpura, of 13 to 28 days' duration at minimum fares from 20 to 55 gns

May 2. Palestine, Cyprus, Athens &c. 22 days; from 40 gns.‡
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May 31. Spain, Majorca, Algeria &c. 14 days; from 25 gns.†
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June 22. Morocco, Malaga, Majorca &c. 13 days; from 22 gns.‡

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DOGS

ARE YOURS TAIL-WAGGERS?

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A group of prize-winning Sealyham Terriers at the Irish Kennel Club's Dog Show. It was held in Dublin recently and attracted a large crowd of dog-lovers

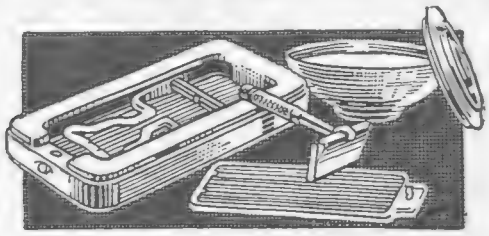
OF last year's innovation in the form of a National Dog Week "The Kennelman" predicted that it would become an annual institution, but neither he nor any others of its warmest supporters foresaw quite the far-reaching scope of its success, which has proved not less notable in the Dominions oversea than at home, and has been copied with enthusiasm in the United States. Doggy folk who have not yet investigated this movement should communicate at once with the Hon. Organising Secretary, Capt. H. E. Hobbs, at 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4, and look into the highly interesting Report and Accounts issued by him.

NOT the least striking development of the N.D.W. has been the growth of The Tail-Waggers' Club, which now has some thirty thousand members. If your Dogs, or Dog, are not yet enrolled as members, you really should see to it at once, for the subscription is trifling, the badge is a treasurable honour, the Club's journal makes excellent reading, the work it is doing is really valuable, and we are rapidly reaching the stage at which Dogs who are not members begin to feel themselves rather outsiders, the more so now that, even apart from this country, the best Dogs are being enrolled in all the Dominions, in America, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Poland, Switzerland, Italy, and even in Persia, where, by the way, the Dogs of three thousand years ago were so highly esteemed that injuring one of them was accounted a more serious crime than killing a man! In all seriousness, the practical work being done for dogdom by the N.D.W. and the Tail-Waggers' Club is extremely valuable, and Dog-owners not already in touch should write at once to Capt. Hobbs.

ONE of the judges at Cruft's great Show, who is good enough to say that he values and never omits to study these Notes, writes: "Kennelman's readers who look to him for advice about care of their Dogs should be gratified to know that that good counsel is constantly reproduced, sometimes with courteous acknowledgment and sometimes without, in the technical dog journals that we study, notably, for instance, in articles about Dog-feeding and —an example is before me at the moment, 'By a Veterinary Surgeon'—how best to teach and prepare a Dog for the Show Ring, a matter to which beginners do not give half enough attention, and in which even old exhibitors are often slack."

WELL, the reproducers are very welcome, for the more we "get together" in practical understanding of Dogs and their care the better for dogdom. That is where the value comes in of the National Dog Week, the Tail-Waggers' Club, and the Dog Owners' Club, in Hyde Park Terrace. And as lack of space forbids the setting forth of full detail here regarding feeding, training, showing, housing, accessories, treatment in illness, and the like, readers should at once address inquiries to the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, from which expert guidance can always be obtained.

THE HOLLOW-GROUND SAFETY



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Bowl Refill 2/-. Shaving Cream 1/3.

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'My maid here stands next to me whilst I am writing this letter, and says that since I have used it I look years younger. I always use it after washing every morning and before going to bed at night, and my skin has become much smoother and whiter, and my wrinkles have gradually disappeared.

"I write this letter in order to help the poor ladies who really want to know how to treat their skins, and to keep young-looking for a very moderate outlay instead of indulging in expensive beauty and massage treatments. This wax they can use themselves, and in a very short time they will be surprised at the difference it will make in their complexion. It whitens sunburnt skin, and for use on the hands it is most excellent. Yours truly,

"(Signed) MARIE THERESE, PRINCESS OF PLESS."

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And pirates roamed the Western sea,
Doubloons and laces were aplenty
When merchants' treasure chests were empty
And merchant ships, though good at running,
Were often caught by pirates' cunning.
To take a ship with guile they sailed
But would, if such a ruse had failed,
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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Sole à la Financière

HAVE a good-sized sole filleted, cut the fillets into neat pieces, and roll them. Butter a fireproof dish, sprinkle it with chopped mushrooms, minced parsley, one small minced onion, and a few herbs. Place the fish rolls on this, and pour round enough stock, with a wineglassful of white wine, almost to cover the fish. Place more mushrooms over and sprinkle grated cheese over the top. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Cassolettes à la Florentine

FILL some little cases with minced lamb which has been stirred into a good sauce, and on the top of each pile a purée of vegetables. The purée may be of one vegetable only, or several of different colours, such as turnip, carrot, and tomato, all cut into small dice and put on the top.

Poulets aux Trois Frères

CUT up a chicken as for frying, but in much smaller pieces—that is, making two pieces of each leg, two of the breast, and two of the back. Melt enough butter to cover the bottom of a baking-dish, add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, put in the chicken, cover it with twenty-four very small onions very carefully prepared, and thirty small potatoes, each no larger than a walnut and cut in four. Flavour all with salt, pepper, and a little mace, and place in the oven. It should be cooked in forty minutes. The onions should be well done, and the whole dish a good brown colour. When dishing it, arrange it very closely together and pour over it three or four tablespoonfuls of hot dissolved glaze. This is a French dish, very seldom served in England, and is quite delicious.

Croûtes à la Bengal

CHOP finely two ounces of lean ham, make it into a stiff paste with a little cream, a dessertspooonful of Worcester sauce and a little cayenne. Spread this on small rounds of fried toasts, and sprinkle thickly on the top some Parmesan cheese. Bake till a light brown and serve very hot.

Menu du Dîner

Hors d'Œuvres Variés.
Consommé Julienne.

Sole à la Financière.

Cassolettes à la Florentine.

Poulets aux Trois Frères.
Pommes de Terre Nouvelles.
Petits Pois.

Croûtes à la Bengal.

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BANTAM WEIGHT

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Super Quality **32/6**

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Triumph three bearing crankshaft means—

smooth, very smooth running, and long life to the engine by reason of the minimisation of vibration. There are Triumph Super Seven models from £149-10s., 15 h.p. models from £375. Lucas electric equipment and Dunlop tyres standard. Write for the catalogue.

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Elvery Waterproofs

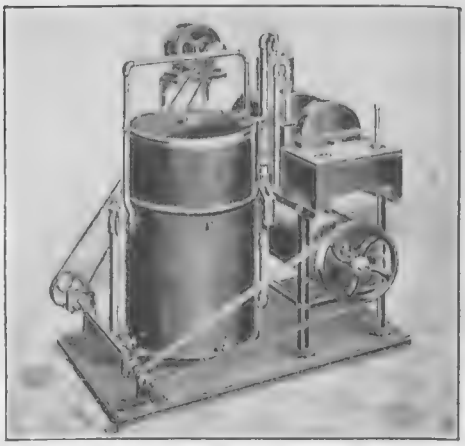
In our issue of March 20 the prices of Elvery waterproofs were wrongly stated. The correct price of the Elvery, which is obtainable at 31, Conduit Street, W.1, is 84s. unbelted and 90s. belted.

A Useful Fixture List

Our contemporary THE FARMER AND STOCKBREEDER has just published an invaluable Show List for 1929, containing over 500 fixtures, which should prove of the greatest help for purposes of reference. A copy will be sent free of charge on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, preferably one measuring at least 5 inches by 3½ inches, by the paper mentioned above. The address to which applicants must apply is Lennox House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Voices Preserved for Ever

The Trustees of the British Museum have accepted from The Gramophone Company a "His Master's Voice" record of a speech by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Balfour, O.M., which has been deposited to be preserved for all time in the national archives. The remarks of the former Prime Minister are the concluding paragraphs of a lecture entitled "Familiar Beliefs and Transcendent Reason," delivered by him to the British Academy in November, 1927. The copper matrix recording Lord Balfour's voice is enclosed in an hermetically sealed brass container suitably inscribed, and is now stored in absolute security at the British Museum with other "His Master's Voice" records made by famous people. These historic matrices, from which gramophone record pressings can be made at any time, include the voices of H.M. the King, a speech at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition, and an address to the boys and girls of the Empire, H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on "Sportsmanship," the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Lord Roberts, Mr. David Lloyd George, Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill,



THE AEROGEN GAS GENERATOR

Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Lewis Waller, Signor Caruso, Madame Tetrazzini and Dame Melba.

The Bournemouth Pavilion

In the auditorium of the new £250,000 pavilion recently opened by the Duke of Gloucester the whole of the carpets, curtains, and seating were carried out by Hampton and Sons, Ltd., the seats being Hamptons' patent "St. George" theatre chair. The proscenium curtain is in bright autumn colourings, the feature of which is a suggestion of flames embroidered in yellow on copper ground. The carpets were specially designed in colourings of old gold and blue. The tea-room colour scheme is in mauve, shaded from dark to light, yellow curtains, and vivid green pelmets. The tables and chairs were specially designed for this room. Hamptons also completely furnished the "Lucullus" dining-room, the east lounge, and the magnificent tea-room, which seats 500 people.

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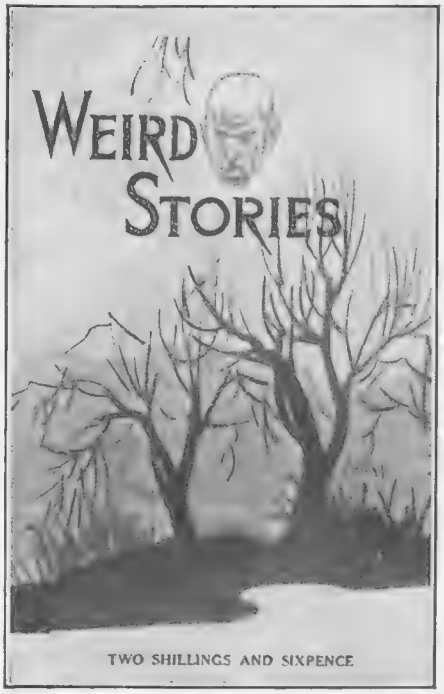

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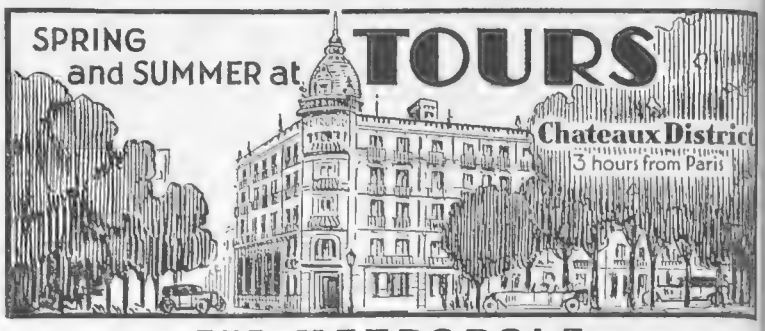

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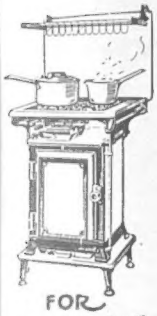

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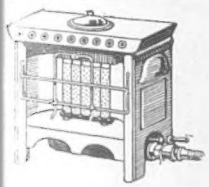

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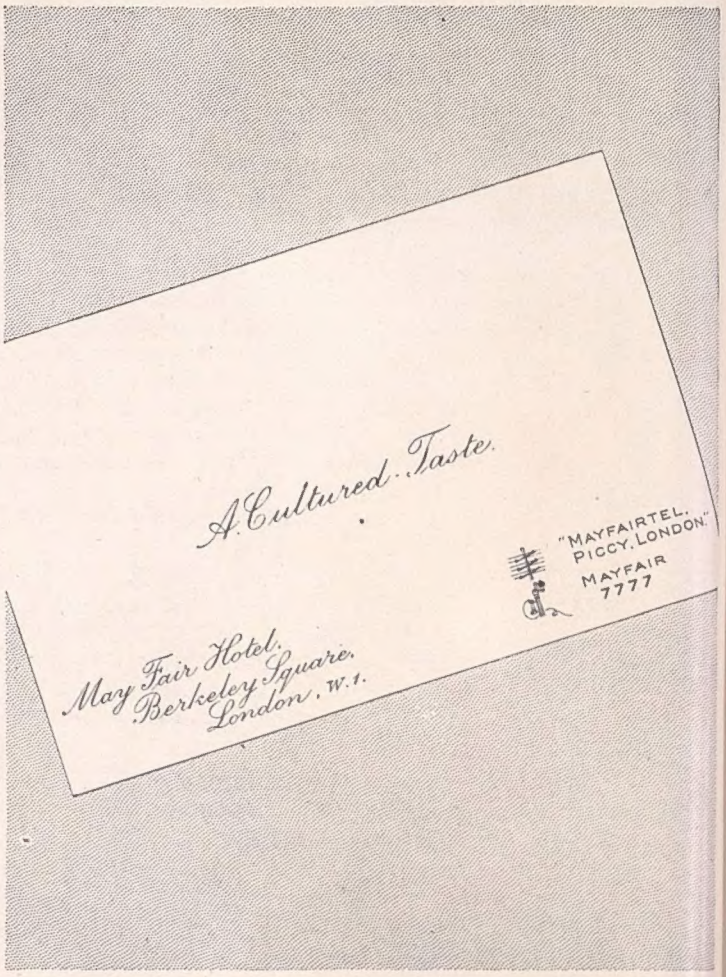

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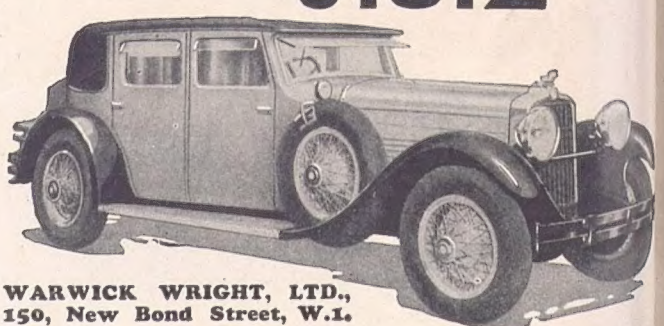

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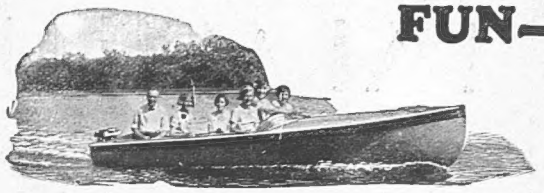

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Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. April 3, 1929.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.